The War Illustrated

Vol. 2 A Permanent Picture Record of the Second Great War No. 21

The difficulty of giving adequate surgical assistance to the Finnish soldiers wounded in the course of their heroic stand against the Red Army has been greatly increased by the Arctic cold of the northern battlefield. Above, a doctor of the Finnish Medical Corps is dressing the wounds of a soldier in the first military hospital in the Salla area. It was a tent set up in the forest, with a stretcher on trestles as an operating table.

Photo, Wide World

With Bombs, not Bayonets, the Reds Hope to Win

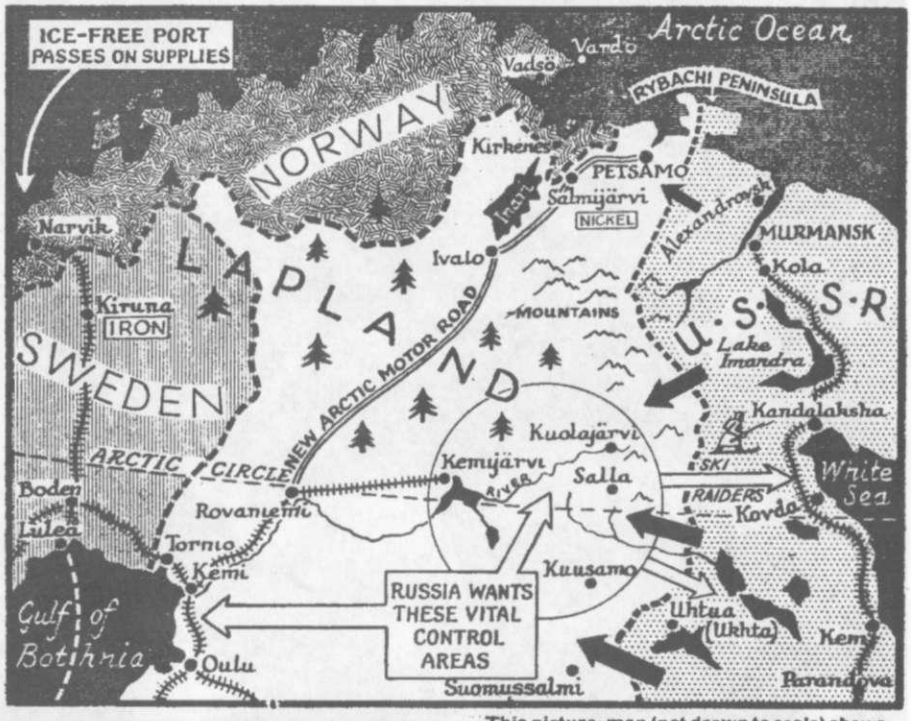
Fought to a standstill by the gallant little Finnish army, the Russians intensified their air attacks on the civilian populace far behind the front. Even in this one-sided phase of the war, however, they failed to wipe out the ignominy of their reverses in the field.

GREAT indeed was the Finnish victory in what may come to be called in history the battle of Suomussalmi, fought in the last week of the old year and the first of the new. The whole of the Russian 9th Army Corps, comprising the 44th, 163rd and 164th Divisions, with a total strength of between 40,000 and 60,000 men, were put to flight, and for a short time at least the threatened drive across the narrow "waist" of Finland to the Gulf of Bothnia at Oulu was frustrated.

For some days the victors were engaged in cleaning up the battlefield, if battlefield is the right word to use for that tangle of forest glades and woodland tracks in which the Russian columns were ambushed, and in some places almost annihilated (*see* pages 4, 16 and 17).

The invaders had reached within four miles of Suomussalmi when they were subjected to a deadly fire from the flanks. So sudden and so fierce was the attack that the Russians fled, leaving behind them over a four-mile stretch of road what one correspondent described as a vast junk heap. Masses of bodies were entangled with smashed guns, broken-down lorries and motor-cars which had been overturned in the rush. It transpired that the Finns had caught the Red columns in a trap, allowing them to move forward a certain distance, and then cutting off their retreat by blowing up a bridge behind them. With mortars, machine-guns, and rifles they continued in the work of slaughter until descending night put a stop to the operations. Then the survivors fled in the dark.

But the Finns realized only too well that their victory could bring them nothing more than a breathing space. Their scouts brought in the news that the Soviet troops were digging in on the Karelian Isthmus and on the Petsamo front, and that therefore the new attack would almost certainly be delivered in those regions where the fighting had so far gone in Finland's favour—in the "waist" or "bottle-neck" near Suomussalmi and farther south in the region of Lake Ladoga, where the Finns were successful in the battles of Aglajärvi and Tolvajärvi, which ended on December 23 (*see* Vol. 1, page 582).

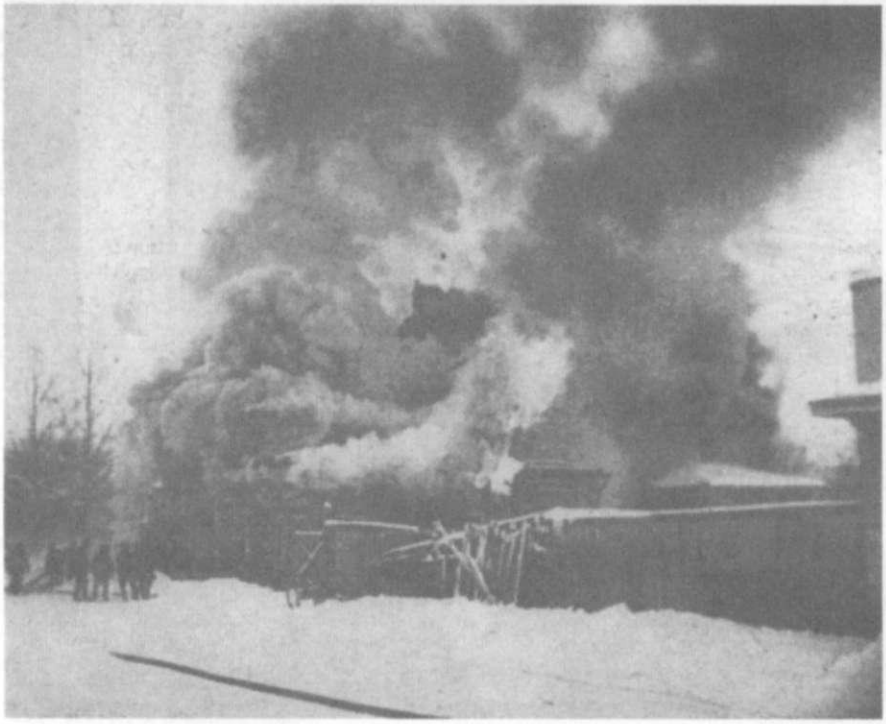


This picture-map (not drawn to scale) shows the battle-front in the "waist" and north of Finland early in January. Black arrows indicate the Russian attacks.

After but a few days of comparative inactivity, hard fighting was once again resumed on the Salla front, where it appeared that the Russians were resolved on making yet another attempt to cut Finland in two by reaching Kemijärvi, at the eastern terminus of the railway which runs through Rovaniemi to Tornio on the Gulf of Bothnia. At least two Russian divisions were known with certainty to have been assembled in the Salla sector, and about 20 other divisions, representing 400,000 men with 2,000 guns, were said to have been concentrated on the eastern frontier farther south.

For the present the Finns might continue to hold the invaders and even to repeat their striking victories of Suomussalmi and Tolvajärvi, but the coming of the spring could hardly fail to work a transformation in the situation, for the greatest of Finland's allies to date has been, beyond a doubt, General Winter.

That the Russians were quick to take advantage of any improvement in the



On January 11, 1940, the Soviet Air Force began a series of attacks on the towns of Finland, among them Helsinki, Turku, Hangoe, and Viipuri. Above, flames and smoke are pouring from a building in Viipuri. The intense cold added to the sufferings of those rendered homeless

Photo, British Movietonews

Finland's Ghostly Army Glides to Victory

In the top photograph the Pekka Niemi ski patrol has turned to make a stand after a raid on the Red army. Above a poster asks Finns to give their skis to the army.

Finland's ski army is recruited from her most expert skiers, and one of the crack patrols is named after Pekka Niemi, right centre, who is a sergeant on the Salla front and holds the world ski record for 50 kilometres. In the first month of the war he averaged 60 kilometres a day on skis. Above (right) he is starting out on patrol, while (left) skis given to the army are being prepared for use.

Photos, Central Press, Associated Press, Planet News, and Wide World

Death and Destruction in a Wilderness of Snow

Modern war is a grim affair enough, but it is seldom that its grimness is conveyed in so unmistakable a fashion as in this photograph of a corner of the battlefield near Raate in Finland, where in the first week of 1940 the Finns practically destroyed the 44th Division of the Red Army. Silhouetted against the snowbound scene are several huge tractor transports, while in the foreground, frozen stiff in the contorted attitudes in which death came to them, are a number of Soviet infantry.

Photo, E. G. Calcraft, exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

weather was evidenced by the air attacks which they made on Helsinki and other Finnish towns and villages as soon as the skies cleared for a space. Day after day the Finnish capital was bombed by Soviet 'planes, and in one day's raids—those of Sunday, January 14—delivered on the towns and villages and coastal defences in southern Finland, the Russians were reported to have employed between 350 and 400 'planes.

In a bulletin which was issued on the following evening, the Officer Commanding Finland's Air Defences stated: "Having again suffered severe reverses at the front during the previous week, the enemy have once more tried to avenge their defeat on the population behind the front. During the week the Russians dropped, in round figures, upwards of 2,000 bombs on 42 separate localities outside the war zone, some of them being subjected to repeated bombardment. They have killed 18 civilians, most of them women, and the number of wounded was 93. Three different hospitals were attacked. Seven bombs were dropped on the hospital of a certain small town. The enemy also made extensive use of machine-guns, but with little success. Some material damage has been done, but not as much as might have been expected. None of our land lines of communication have been destroyed, and traffic has nowhere been seriously interrupted. The number of enemy machines shot down or destroyed during the week is well above the number of Finnish civilians killed."

Considering the number of 'planes employed in the attacks, the casualties, estimated at 1,100, were not large. In fact, it was estimated that at least six bombs were dropped for every Finn killed in an air-raid. This ineffectiveness was due, no doubt, in the main to the incompetence of the Soviet pilots, many of whom seem to have been lacking even an elementary knowledge of navigation.

Even so, the raids on Helsinki, Turku, Lahti, and the rest were excellent practice for the Red airmen, for they were able to coast leisurely over the towns and to try to place their bombs in methodical fashion. The anti-aircraft defences, we may suppose, were hampered by lack of ammunition; while as for the Finnish Air Force, practically all the planes that could be mustered were fully occupied at the front.

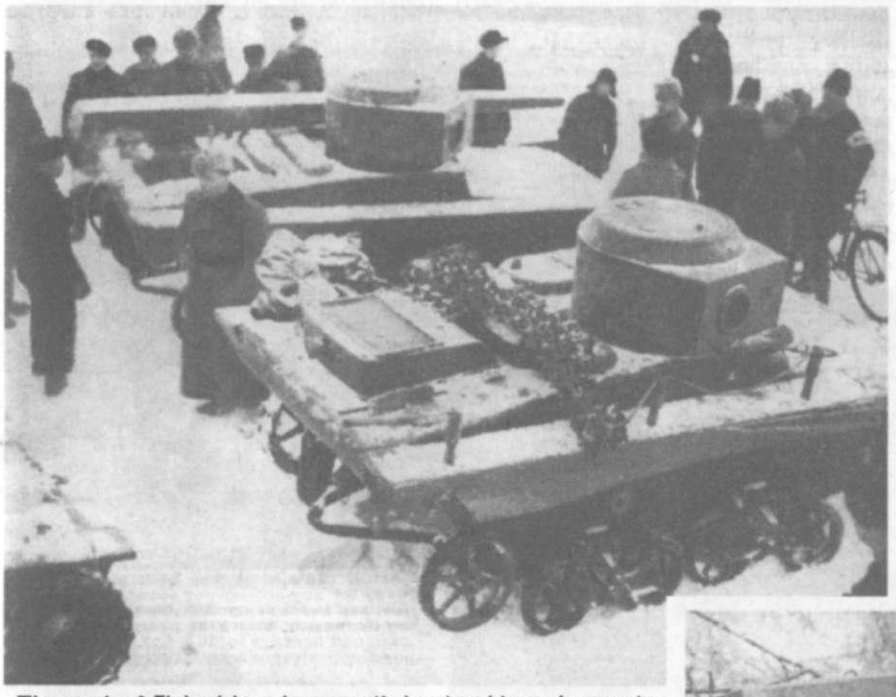
With the certain prospect of clear skies in March, and with the knowledge that ranged along the eastern frontier were some 700 Soviet bombing 'planes, snowbound and frozen up for the time being, but ready to be released by genial sunshine, the gallant Finns realized to the full the necessity of winning a speedy decision on land, or at least of obtaining from abroad a very considerable reinforcement of their infant Air Force.

As January ran its course it became more and more apparent that, though they might continue to win victories at the front, they would almost certainly lose the war if their home front were destroyed behind them. "Give us a hundred or two hundred really first-class pursuit 'planes," they said, "and we will save not only Finland but Scandinavia from the menacing tide of Bolshevism. But without aeroplanes what happened in Poland will surely happen here before summer comes."

Red Tanks Come to Grief in the Arctic War

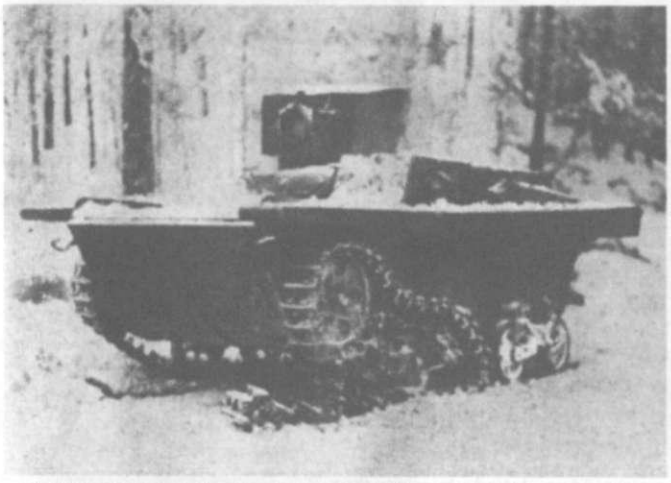
The crews of a column of Soviet tanks about to go into action are assembled to hear an officer read out the instructions that form part of the plan of battle. The Soviet army has not taken too kindly to this new weapon, for the Russians are not, as a whole, a mechanically-minded people—as was proved during the attempt to mechanize Russian farms, when the farm workers sadly mishandled the tractors.

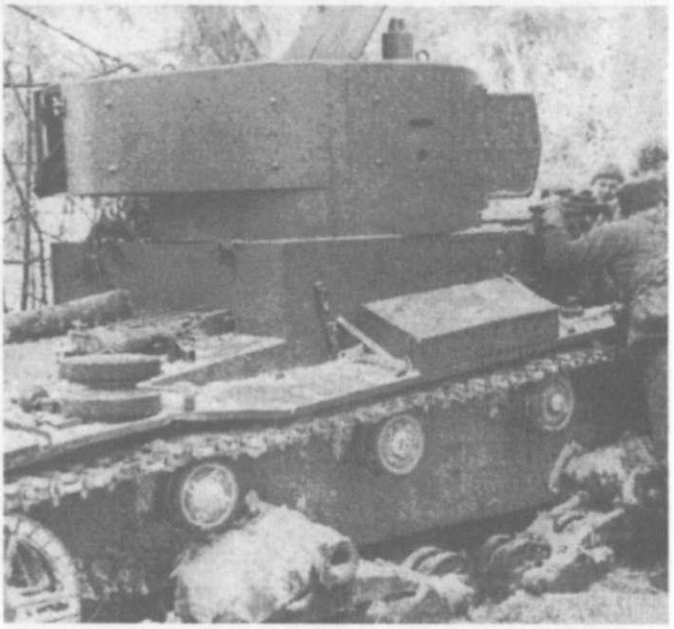
Photo, E.N.A.



The people of Finland have been greatly heartened by such concrete evidence of the success of the Finnish army as these captured Russian tanks, unfortunately too badly damaged to be used again.

THE heavy snow which fell during the Russian attempt to invade Finland proved a serious obstacle to the tanks, as it levelled the face of the land, concealing defences and filling in the pits that are the tanks' chief danger. At the military parade in Moscow at the beginning of November it appeared that the policy of the Russian Army in regard to tanks had been greatly modified. Amphibian tanks had been abandoned as well as other heavy types which were not only slow but were far too weighty for most Russian bridges. These tanks were built in Russia, but most of the tanks of the Soviet Army are now of the American Christie type, such as were employed in the Spanish Civil War. In 1935 the strength of the Red Tank Corps was put by German military authorities at 10,000, and it was expected that by 1939 this figure would have been doubled.





The two photographs above show Soviet tanks that have come to grief during an advance. Neither shows any evidence of having been hit, but in both cases the caterpillar band has failed owing to the difficult conditions of the terrain. The Russian losses of tanks have been heavy. In the great Finnish victory in the first week of January, 43 were taken; and between December 10 and 23, 1939, the captures numbered 39.

Photos, Planet News, Fox Photos and Central Press

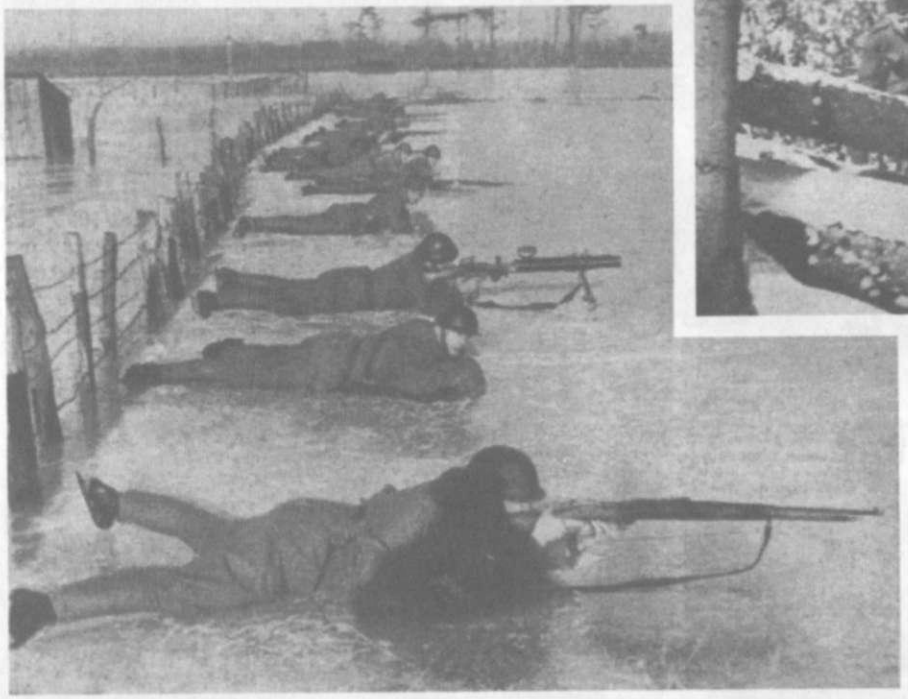
Where Will the Blow Fall in the West?

Assuming that 1940 brings a great German offensive on the Western Front, which is the most likely region to bear the first brunt of the onslaught? The possibilities of this highly-important and intriguing question are discussed below

SOMETIME, somewhere, Hitler may decide to launch his long threatened *blitzkrieg* against his enemies on the Western Front. The time perhaps may be in early spring, but the place—well, it may be almost anywhere on the five hundred miles of embattled territory which stretches from the most northern sandbank of Holland to the foothills of the Swiss Alps.

Strangely enough, and yet perhaps not so strange on second thoughts, it is unlikely that the onslaught will be delivered against the most heavily-fortified sectors of the Maginot Line, particularly that portion which runs parallel with the Rhine from Lauterbourg past Strasbourg and Mulhouse to Basle. A frontal attack on any portion of the Maginot Line would be attended by the most frightful losses, but any attempt to cross the Rhine in the face of the enormous fire-power which the French could direct from the opposite bank would be foredoomed to bloody failure from the outset. However, to north and south of this impregnable bastion lie long stretches of neutral territory which may possibly be trampled by the Nazi hordes in the course of the next few months.

Holland, perhaps, is the most vulnerable of the countries which are threatened by Nazi aggression on the West. If Holland were overrun, Germany would be able to establish aerodromes in Dutch territory and submarine bases in the Dutch harbours which would be exceedingly valuable in her war against Britain. For a week or two in November it seemed likely that a German invasion of the Netherlands was imminent, but the Hollanders preserved their characteristic phlegm. They let it be known that they were fully prepared if need be to raise the water-level of their dykes, to open the flood-gates and canal sluices, and so create a vast Water Line which would be impassable by the mechanized forces of the enemy. Behind this Water Line a well-trained army of 250,000 men would fight literally to the last ditch. Early in January there came the news that a new German army headquarters had been established at Recklinghausen, some 40 miles from the nearest point on the Dutch frontier, and that heavy artillery positions and a number of new military airfields had been prepared at various points along the frontier from Emden to Aachen.



During the spell of wintry weather that set in early in January the Dutch Water Line was frozen, whereupon its defenders donned their skates. In any case, the ice would never be thick enough to bear the weight of Germany's tanks and mechanized transport.

In the light of this news, maybe it was not altogether a coincidence that on January 6 Queen Wilhelmina's Government warned Germany, not for the first time, that "any assault on Dutch territory will meet with the most obstinate armed resistance, from whatever side the attack may come."

Perhaps not Holland but Belgium may appeal to the Fuehrer as the best choice for his offensive? If so, he would find himself in no better case. "If we are attacked," declared Senator Paul Crockaert, President of the Commission of National Defence of the Belgian Senate, a few days after Christmas, "we shall put up a fierce resistance foot by foot, and this resistance will have more than one surprise in store for the aggressor. Never before has Belgium possessed an army of its present size, and she keeps permanently mobilized in full force some 650,000 trained men, who in the event of war would be joined by several hundreds of thousands of reservists." Three successive lines of defence have been created, and, moreover, "the fire-power of the Belgian Army is beyond comparison with the Belgian Army of 1914–1918, and

Switzerland's army has been standing by ready for any emergency since the war began, and here are some Swiss soldiers keeping themselves warm in practical fashion.

This Belgian sentry is standing on guard on the road which leads from Aachen in Germany to Eupen, the Belgian town which was German up to 1918.

Allies and Neutrals Present a Firm Front

her troops are provided with modern armaments the best in existence—weapons Belgian in conception and manufacture."

But Luxemburg, that little country of 999 square miles, with an "army" of 250 men—surely she could not put up even a show of resistance against the German invader? Possibly the German tanks and infantry columns would be permitted to sweep across the frontier and through the little Luxemburg villages where the Middle Ages jostle the "big business" of the twentieth century to——? Where, indeed, but the heavily-fortified and strongly-garrisoned frontier of France? That sector of the Maginot Line which faces Luxemburg may not be so strong as that in the Rhineland, but there can be little doubt that a frontal assault would be an exceedingly costly proceeding. An invasion of Luxemburg, then, would be of little more than tactical value to the Germans.

At Basle the frontiers of France, Germany, and Switzerland meet, and here, perhaps, is a weak link in the defensive armour of France. By invading Swiss territory near, say, Huningue, the Germans might hope to outflank the southernmost forts of the Maginot Line, and so deliver an attack towards Belfort or down the valley of the Doubs to the Saône, whence they might strike southward to Lyons or north towards Paris. But it may be pointed out that Belfort, today as in 1914–1918 one of France's greatest and most formidable strong-points, would have to be reduced as a preliminary to any large-scale attack.

Alternatively, the German invaders might choose the route down the central valley of Switzerland, with a view to crossing the Jura mountains—where there are few roads and many narrow defiles and gorges all strongly fortified—into the heart of France.

Wherever the stroke might come, however, the Swiss can be confidently expected to put up a stout resistance against any invasion of their territory. For some time past the whole Swiss Army, comprising about 650,000 men, has been mobilized, and Switzerland is like Finland in that the nature of her country must immensely aid the defence. Report says that the German General Staff has estimated that 40 days would be required for a break-through in Switzerland, and that it would be necessary to employ five German soldiers for every one Swiss who might be mobilized to meet them.

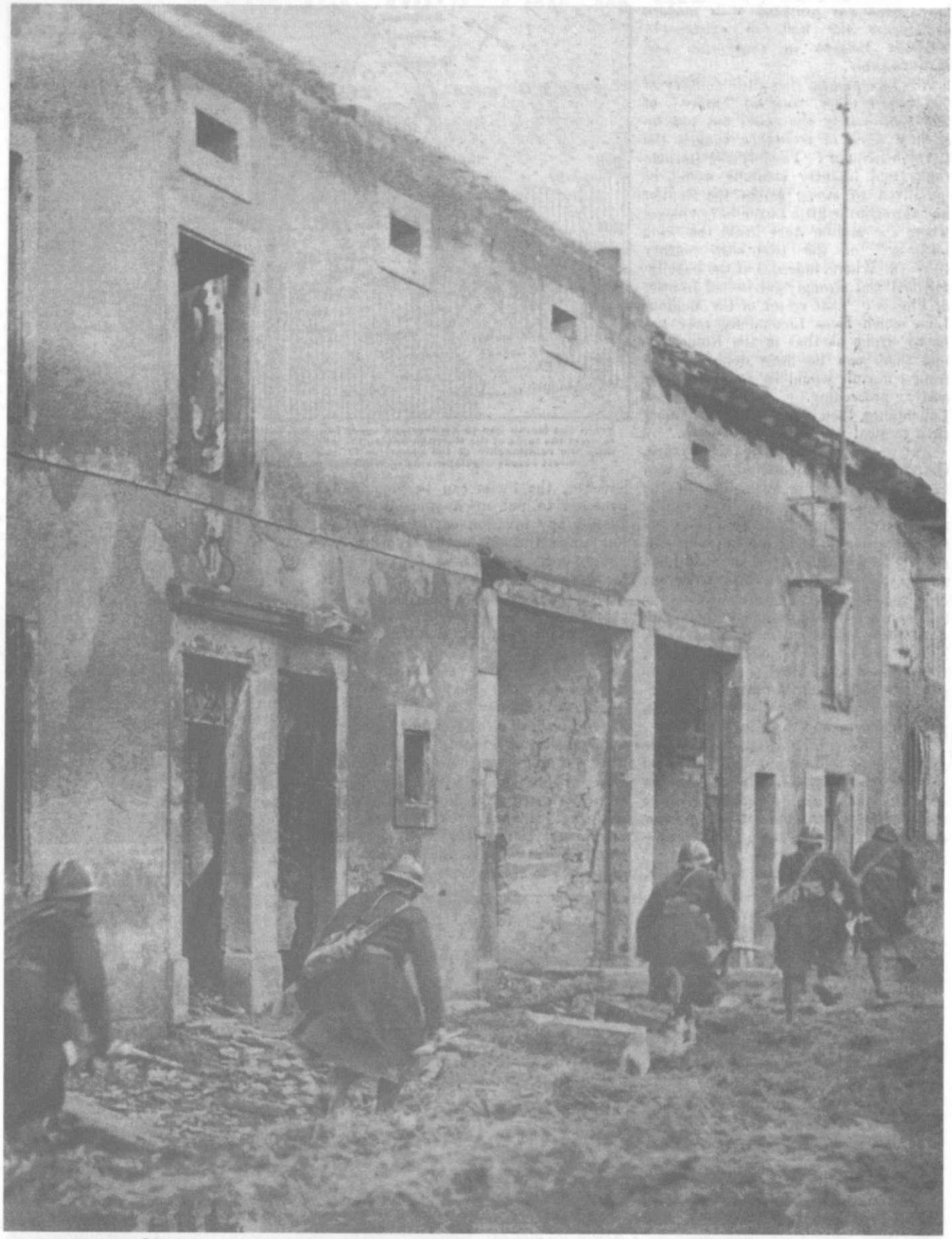
All in all, then, Switzerland, too, cannot appear to be a very likely field for Hitler's *blitzkrieg*. But if not Switzerland, not Holland, not Belgium, and Luxemburg is not worth while—where then? We may leave the question and its answer to Hitler.

From the North Sea to Switzerland every country, belligerents and neutrals alike, are ready to meet the force of the German onslaught whenever and wherever it may come. Here in this map the relationship of the countries is illustrated, and there are noted, too, some of the most recent developments in what has been fittingly called "the war of nerves."

Air Marshal A. S. Barratt, the new Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of the British Air Forces in France, having a consultation at G.H.Q. with General Lord Gort.

After fifteen days spent in billets, these men of a battalion of Algerian tirailleurs are just setting off for a further spell of duty in the front line. Many of France's army have had long experience of active service conditions in North Africa. *Photos, British Official and E.N.A.*

With Stealthy Tread the Poilus Go on Patrol



Very many of the casualties in the French Army, which up to December 1939 numbered 1,433, were sustained by patrols such as that seen above advancing through the ruins of a village. The men engaged in this dangerous duty usually carry their rifles, but as any encounter with the enemy will be at very close quarters they are almost always armed with hand grenades as the most handy weapon.

Photo, Central Press

While Not Far Away the Nazis Peer and Prowl

The Germans, as well as the French, are constantly engaged on patrols, and these German infantrymen, advancing warily through a village that has been heavily shelled, may at any moment meet a French patrol engaged on similar work, and a sharp skirmish will result. One of the objects of patrols is taking prisoners, and in this aim the French have been far more successful than the Germans. *Photo, Planet News*

French Towns Emptied by the Threat of War

Not only Strasbourg but hundreds of French towns and villages have been evacuated so as to remove the civilian population from what may be at any moment the scene of fierce fighting. Here is an account of this great and successful precautionary exodus on the part of our Ally.

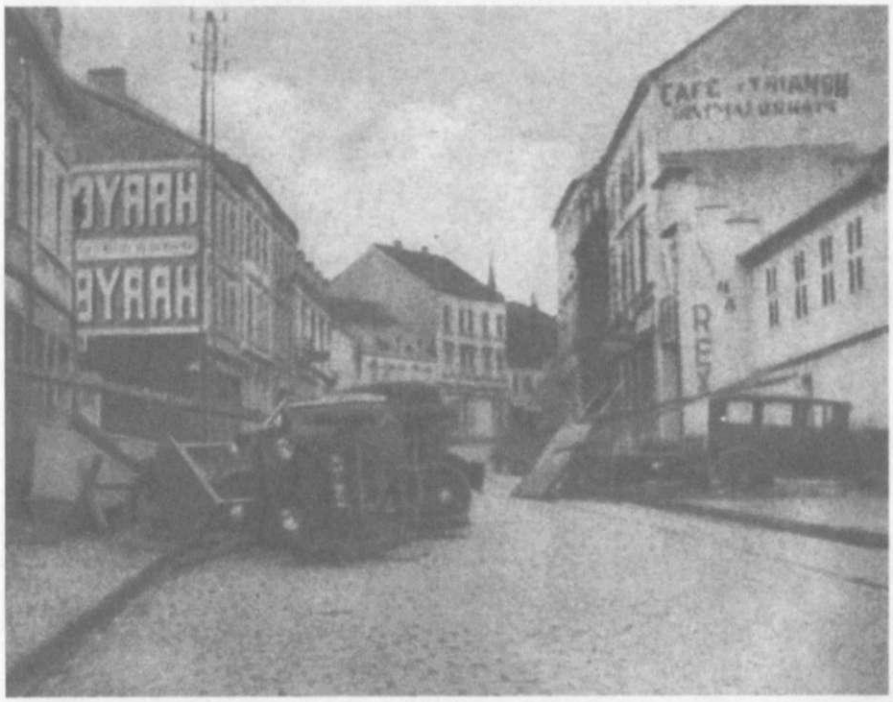
In France—in Germany, too, for that matter—there are hundreds of deserted villages, deserted not as was the "Sweet Auburn" of Goldsmith's famous poem because of a policy of depopulation inspired by landlords' greed, but because they happen to be placed between the two great fortified systems which parallel the Franco-German frontier.

Since France's mobilization began these little centres of provincial life have been evacuated of their civilian population, dealt with. The Alsatians in particular felt the wrench at being parted from their homes; in the last war they were on the other side of the line, and now they were suddenly transferred to the interior of France, where, to begin with, they were as a strange people in a strange land. From the Moselle Department alone more than 170,000 men, women and children were evacuated, principally to the south and south-west. Every endeavour was made to keep the people of each little town and parish together, so that when they arrived in their new homes they still had their own priest, their schoolmaster and their policeman.

After a few weeks some of the evacuees were allowed to visit their villages to fetch clothes and bedding and personal goods, and the Army did what it could to reduce the farmers' losses by harvesting their crops and dispatching after them to their new quarters their cattle and sheep. Most, if not all, of the horses had already been taken for the Army.

Only a few months ago these villages of the Rhineland and Lorraine were smiling in the summer sunshine. Now the carefully-tilled fields, the vineyards whose names have appeared on so many bottles of excellent vintage, the rich meadows, the fruitful orchards—all are untended, while the homes of bourgeois and peasant alike are shuttered and forlorn. Even the Rhine bridges, save only that at Kehl, now lie broken in the stream.

When the time comes to assess France's contributions to the common cause, let it not be forgotten that, though as yet she has no such devastated areas as were caused by the war of 1914–1918, nevertheless, all along her eastern frontier there is a wide stretch of depopulated countryside where the busy and profitable life of agriculture and industry has been completely stopped.



Here is one of the small towns near the Franco-German frontier that are now entirely deserted. Across the cobbled street lie the components of a half-built barricade.

and are now inhabited, if they are inhabited at all, only by the khaki-clad, steel-helmeted soldiers, who move through the streets and in and out of the shuttered houses with that silence and caution which war compels.

Sad, indeed, is the picture they make, these towns and villages from which the people were evacuated when the German onslaught was expected at any moment, and whose cobbled streets are now growing grass. In many cases the unfortunate inhabitants received only an hour or two's notice in which they had to pack such belongings as they could carry with them, and hurry to the lorries which had arrived to take them to the railheads where trains were waiting to convey them into a safe zone.

We may imagine the distress occasioned to the people who were thus summarily

Some of the deserted villages and towns which are not immediately threatened are used for training in street fighting by the French Army. Here a detachment of mechanized cavalry, armed with machine-guns, has taken up a position in a street which in the event of an enemy advance would be a very warm corner. *Photos, Associated Press*

They Are Prisoners From Five Fronts

THE channel of communication with Allied prisoners in Germany and with German prisoners in Britain and France is the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva, which is functioning in this war on the same lines as in the last war. Through it all information as to prisoners taken on both sides is exchanged. It also undertakes the interchange of letters and parcels. German prisoners can receive parcels from home, though they are so well fed that they have no need for the foodstuffs which are amongst the principal contents of the standard parcels sent to British prisoners in Germany, again through the agency of the Red Cross.

The scene above is in a prisoners-of-war camp in the French zone. The men are lining up for parcels from home. There is little food to give away in Germany, so parcels are small compared with those Allied prisoners receive.

A member of the crew of one of the R.A.F. machines that took part in the great battle over the Heligoland Bight on December 18 is leaving the aeroplane that took him into Germany after his machine had made a forced landing at Borkum.

The German prisoners, centre right, in a prison camp in the north of England are taking their turn to cook for their fellow-prisoners. The Polish prisoners who have fallen into German hands are put to work like slaves. Above left, some of them are employed in clearing up the permanent way at Thorn, one of the Polish towns taken by the Germans. Above right, Russian prisoners taken by the Finns are at exercise.

Photos, Central Press, Keystone and Fox

This is the Sort of War Nazi Airmen Prefer

In an earlier page (page 573) we have given an account of the opening of a new campaign of Nazi terror at sea. Now we have a continuation of this chapter of German frightfulness in which even our lightshipmen have been exposed to the attacks of the cream of the Nazi Air Force.

THE Nazis won a great victory in the North Sea on January 9, at least so they said. During the evening their wireless programmes were interrupted by an announcement claiming that "many armed outpost vessels and convoys of merchant-ships" had been sunk by German bombers. The claim was repeated time and again, and each time it was followed by a playing of the Nazi war march, "We are sailing against England." But to their deep disgrace let it be known that the targets of the heroic Nazis were mainly defenceless fishing smacks and small cargo boats.

It was under cover of mist that the Nazi airmen delivered their attacks. One of the first victims was the "Upminster," a 1,013-ton London steamer, which was bombed and machine-gunned by two Nazi aeroplanes which circled the ship and fired at the crew as they tried to get into the boats. "We kept running behind the funnel as they came in front," said the Second Officer, "and then to the other side as they moved round." Another British steamer, the 1,146-ton "Northwood," was also attacked by two aeroplanes, and the fact that the 40 bombs dropped did not score a hit does not say much for the aiming. Machine-gun bullets raked the decks, but as the ship zigzagged to escape, it was able to bring its defensive gun into action, and it was claimed that one of the attackers was hit. The "Oakgrove," a 1,985-ton Glasgow steamer, was machine-gunned by one aeroplane and bombed by another, until she sank. The Danish steamer "Feddy" was bombed and set on fire, but managed to make port.

The most atrocious of these attacks on inoffensive shipping, however, was that which was delivered on the "Reculver," a Trinity House vessel which was engaged on the relief of lightship personnel. She was bombed and machine-gunned for half an hour, and at least 30 on board were injured, of whom two died. One of the victims was an elderly lightshipman who was being taken back to duty after spending his first Christmas at home for 29 years.

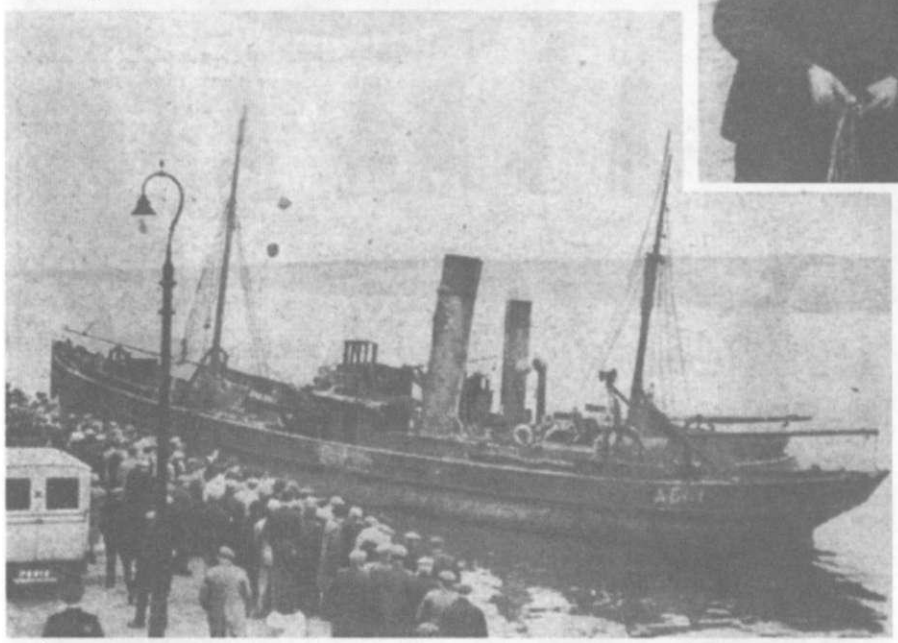
A graphic eyewitness account of the attack was given by a young lightshipman aboard the "Reculver," when he returned home to his family the same night. "The 'plane came in sight," he said, "as we were making for a lightship, but at first we did not take a lot of notice, thinking it would not attack us. Suddenly it turned and came towards us. Our deck was swept with machine-gun bullets as we ran for shelter. About six bombs were dropped, and I believe four made direct hits. When we did not reply they must have known we were unarmed. A man beside me got terrible injuries. My head was cut, and I felt dazed. I must have fallen down unconscious. I came to just in time to get into a boat which came up."

All along the whole coast of Britain indignation was rampant at what was considered to be a wanton disregard for the time-honoured rights of the Service which offers harm to none and help and guidance to the seamen of every country. When the "Reculver" docked an old fisherman with a lifetime of service at sea pointed out that the Nazi airmen must have been fully aware that the small Trinity House vessel was defenceless.

"Everyone knows that lightshipmen are for the protection of us seafarers," one man stated to a representative of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED: "I cannot see what the Germans hoped to gain, as the ship was unarmed and offered no provocation or profit. It isn't as if she was carrying a cargo. In my opinion, an unprovoked attack on such a ship is against the rules. After all, the lightshipmen are a sort of great international brotherhood, accepted and recognized by everyone."

During that same week several more British ships were attacked by Nazi 'planes, and some were sent to the bottom. One of the victims, the "Keynes," 1,705 tons, of London, was attacked twice in the same day, and although the second attack in the afternoon was successful, her machine-gunner kept the raider at bay with the ship's only gun, until the wounded wireless operator had managed to send out distress signals despite the rain of bullets and bomb fragments. Several incendiary bombs found their mark, but the crew, as they went down the side, had the satisfaction of seeing their attacker chased by British fighters and at last fall towards the sea with smoke pouring from its tail. To conclude this tale of sinister (but silly) frightfulness, there was an attack upon a lightship, an account of which appears in page 28.

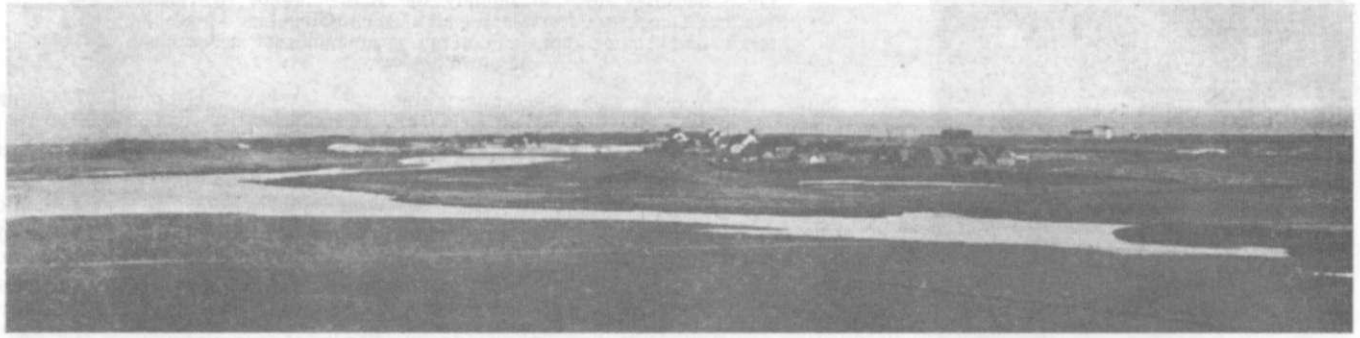
The crews of defenceless fishing-boats that have been attacked from the air are carrying on fearlessly. Above, such heroes are mending their nets ready to go to sea again.



This trawler, coming alongside the quay at a northern port, was one of 15 that were attacked by Nazi aircraft with bombs and machine-guns on December 19. The bridge and wheelhouse were badly damaged, two of the crew were killed and two injured. An ambulance is waiting at the quayside to take the latter to hospital.

Photos, Barratts and Central Press

Watch and Ward Above the Minelayers' Haunts



Above is Westerland, the largest village on the island of Sylt, one of the North Friesian Islands. Here the Germans are reported to have established a large seaplane and aeroplane base from which to launch attacks on British shipping.

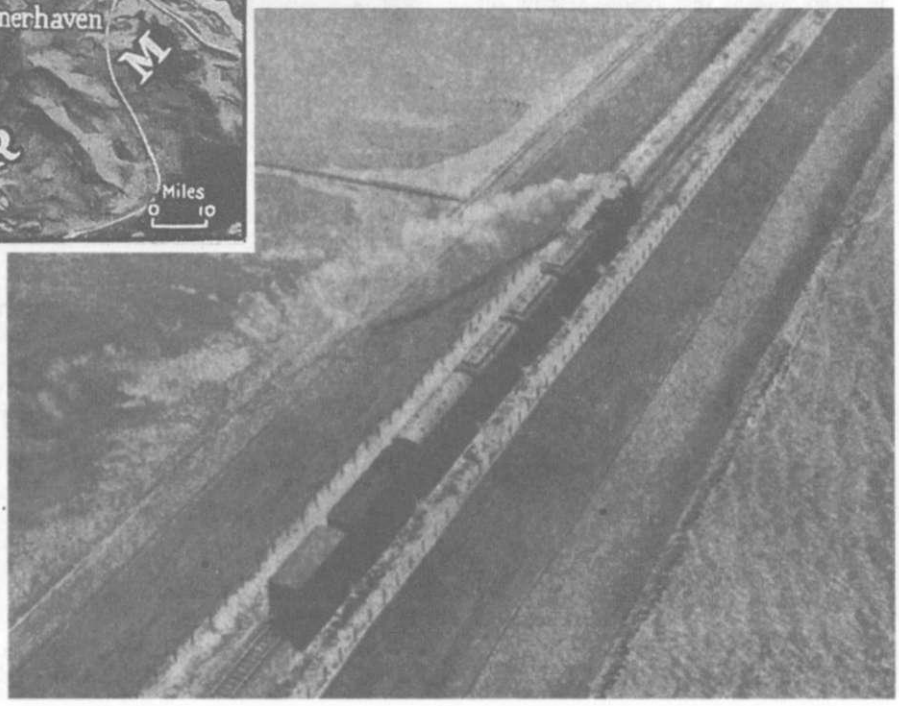
The area over which the raids of the R.A.F. on the Heligoland Bight have taken place is shown in the larger map. That inset gives the position relative to England.

THERE is always extensive aerial activity over the North Sea, but January 10 was a particularly busy day, for it saw a really big battle in which aircraft of the R.A.F. encountered a strong force of German fighters some two hundred miles out from the English coast. In a hotly-contested engagement of nearly half an hour, each suffered the loss of one 'plane. A second German fighter was so severely damaged that it was forced to land in Denmark. After the fight the British 'planes continued their reconnaissances for 130 miles.

SINCE the development of minelaying by Nazi 'planes, aircraft of Britain's Bomber Command have carried out, night after night, systematic patrols over Heligoland Bight, where some of the most important of the Nazi seaplane bases are situated. There can be no doubt that the mere knowledge that our aircraft are over the Bight hinders and restricts the activities of the minelayers, and on occasion something more than a reconnaissance has been accomplished. Thus, on the night of January 11 one of our bombers observed a row of lights in Rantum Bay, which lies on the coast of the little island of Sylt and is known to be a useful base for enemy seaplanes. The lights were, no doubt, a flare path to guide minelaying aircraft. Six bombs were dropped by the British 'planes and the lights were immediately extinguished. The German ground defences opened fire and many searchlights were in co-operation with the guns. One of our bombers had a nasty moment when it was held by a cluster of beams, but, as reported by the Air Ministry, in common with its companions it returned home safely.

(Map on left by courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph")

The Hindenburg Dam, below, which connects Sylt with the mainland, was said by Danish eyewitnesses to have been heavily bombed by British 'planes on January 10. Although this report was not confirmed by the Air Ministry, there is no doubt that the Dam with its strategic railway is an important military objective. *Photos, E.N.A.*



R.A.F.'s Deepest Yet into Nazidom

On a Saturday night in January the R.A.F. swept right across Southern Germany into Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. First-hand stories and some appreciation of a magnificent achievement are given below.

The navigator-radio operator, one of the five men who form the crew of a "Wellington" bomber, at work at his plotting table.
Photo, L.N.A.

SINCE the war began there has not been a week in which squadrons of the R.A.F. have not made extensive reconnaissance flights over Germany. Far and wide in the western, northern, and southern regions of the Reich have they penetrated, and on the night of Saturday, January 13, they extended their operations to Austria and Czecho-Slovakia.

Taking off from aerodromes behind the Maginot Line, a number of 'planes of the Bomber Command in France flew right across the Black Forest, over Munich to Vienna, while others made for Prague. They were in the air over nine hours, and they covered each way over 1,000 miles of German or German-occupied territory.

As on previous occasions their primary object was the dropping of pamphlets exposing the weaknesses and the iniquities of the Nazi regime, but they supplemented this direct propaganda by dropping from their 'planes a number of English newspapers which their crews had collected in their messes just before setting off.

All the 'planes engaged in the reconnaissance returned safely; nowhere, indeed, did they meet with any resistance either from anti-aircraft fire or flighter 'planes. When they landed on their frost-bound aerodromes the machines were unscratched by even a single bullet.

"The significant point about this flight," said one officer as he told his story on his return, "was that we did not suffer at all from cold. If anything, we were too warm—it was much warmer in the air than on the ground. Really, the flight, although extraordinarily interesting, was uneventful. We were always expecting things to happen, but they never did. We were not fired on at all, and only once were we picked up by searchlights. That was near Munich. We passed over Munich both going and returning. The city was fairly well lit up when we were going out, but seemed to be completely blacked out on our return, though we clearly recognized it. We also picked out Nuremberg, with its aerodrome.

"Generally, Germany was well blacked-out. We could not see much except the ground, although it was possible to discern towns from the height at which we were flying.

"There was comparatively little snow in Germany," he went on, "but when we got farther east there was a lot of snow and observation was much easier. Indeed, it was surprising how much we could see. The engines were extraordinarily good, and we could have gone on for another five days. Between twenty minutes and half an hour after leaving Vienna we came across a place that was blazing with lights. We decided that it was Linz, where there are munition works. One might quite well say that Austria and Bohemia were well lit up."

Another of the officers who took part in the flight to Vienna said:

"When we were over Austria we could trace the roads, particularly when they were running through the valleys, and we could see the headlights of cars moving along them. At one point I am almost certain that I saw a garage on the road-side with a car standing against it. Vienna was easily recognisable because of the river. It was fairly well lit up, particularly the houses alongside the river on the river bank. Altogether all the towns in Austria were fairly well illuminated. There was no systematic black-out. We circled the city and let fall our leaflets, wishing them luck, and also dropped our newspapers. Before we turned after leaving Vienna we could see Bratislava."

One of the pilots who flew over Prague said that the thing which struck him most was the extraordinary desolate appearance of Germany at night.

"I knew I had reached Prague because the sky was lit up in patches and the city's situation, lying in a sort of lap of the hills, makes it fairly easy to distinguish."

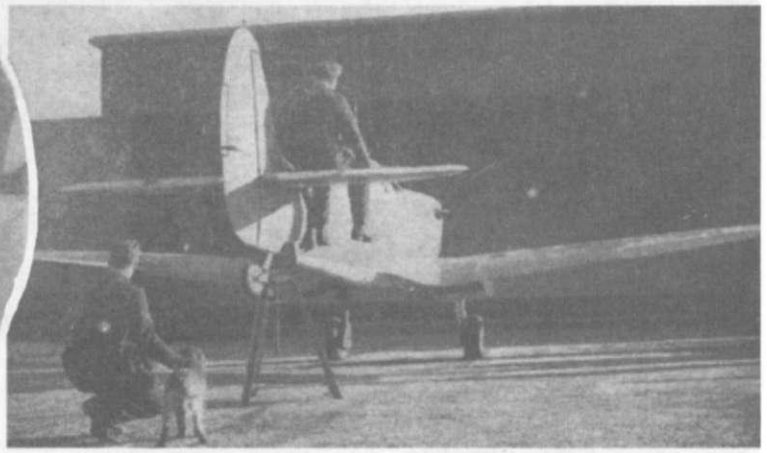
We may imagine the effect which these flights must have had on the unhappy people who are groaning beneath the Nazi yoke. The noise of the British 'planes in the sky above their heads must have sounded like a message of hope—a message of approaching deliverance from the terror which enwraps them.

As time goes on it must become obvious to an ever larger proportion of the people of the Reich that the Fuehrer cannot defend them from the air power of the Allies. They must certainly realize that those leaflets and newspapers which were rained down on Munich on that January night might have been bombs.

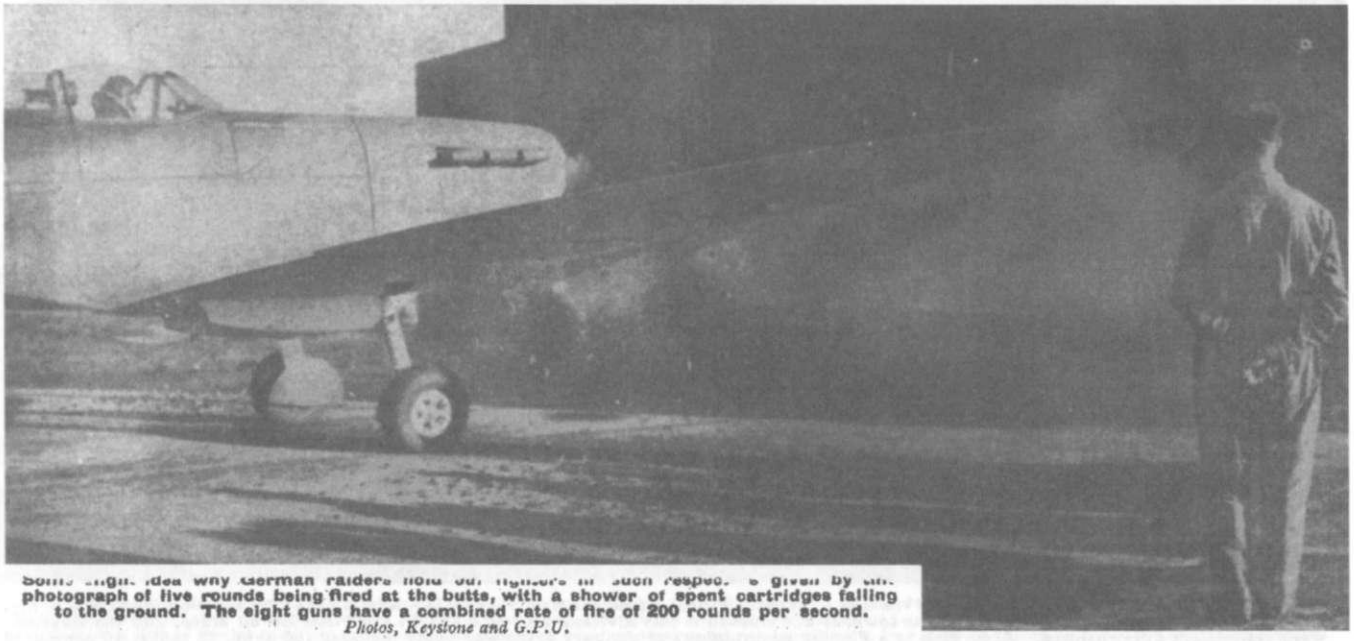
This map shows the approximate route taken by the R.A.F. pilots who flew over Greater Germany on the night of January 12-13. Above (right) are seven of the officers who took part in the flights, in which the distance covered was almost equal to the Atlantic crossing.
Photo, British Official. Map, courtesy of "Daily Telegraph"

The Incomparable 'Spitfire' Bares Its Teeth

The eight deadly Browning machine-guns in the wings of the Vickers-Supermarine "Spitfire" fighter are fed from belts holding 250 rounds each. Above left, "Sparks," the radio operator, festooned with an ammunition belt; right, loading one of the guns. *Photos, Central Press and Fox*



On the left (in circle), mechanics helping the pilot of one of the "Spitfire" single-seaters into his cockpit. Above, testing a "Spitfire's" guns at the butts, with two aircraftmen sitting on the tail to keep it down.
Photos, Planet News and Associated Press



Some might idea why German raiders hold our fighters in such respect. is given by this photograph of five rounds being fired at the butts, with a shower of spent cartridges falling to the ground. The eight guns have a combined rate of fire of 200 rounds per second.
Photos, Keystone and G.P.U.

Here the Finns Overwhelmed the 44th Red Division in the Greatest Vi

WORDS THAT HISTORY WILL REMEMBER

Extracted from Authoritative War Speeches and Statements Week by Week

(*Continued from page 626*)

French Tribute to Britain as an Ally

Saturday, December 30, 1939

M. GIRAUDOUX, French Commissioner-General for Information, in a broadcast addressed to England :

In these last days of December we Frenchmen, who stand amid the litter of the closing year and face duties and sacrifices awaiting us in the year to come, find within us a certain satisfaction to which we need to give expression.

It is a powerful feeling of good heart and security. It is a feeling that our task of saving Europe—and, perhaps, the fate of the world—has given us, as our friend and comrade in war, a nation which we would ourselves have chosen for our ally—the nation of Britain.

We would have chosen Britain because of the esteem in which we hold her. Never have the two peoples had relations which involved tyranny or blackmail, servility or adulation.

We would have chosen Britain for her strength. I will say nothing of her material strength—which, united with our own, has from the very first day allowed our coalition for peace to dominate the most formidable organization for war and aggression—but of her moral strength, of her tenacity which, once the choice is made, leaves no room for any issue but that of the overthrow and surrender of the enemy.

We would have chosen Britain for the way in which she makes war—endows it with unselfishness and sportsmanlike nobility. In the days, already long since, when we fought against her we were proud when we beat her.

We have seen two feats of arms since the beginning of this war, each of which has had the nature of a symbol. On our side there was that portent in the sky—that algebraic equation written in the sky—when nine French airmen, attacked by twenty-seven German machines, brought down nine and returned unharmed.

On the English side there was that adventure around the "Graf Spee," when the British Fleet—thanks to its intimacy with the sea, thanks to its understanding of what the sea can say and can hear, thanks to its identity with the very nature of the sea, and supported by its own daring vision and complete honesty—drove an enemy even more powerful than itself to fear and defeat.

Sweden on the Rights of Small Nations

Sunday, December 31

MR. GUENTHER, Swedish Foreign Minister, in a broadcast :

We anticipate a possibility of a threat to all we possess—to our life as a free nation—a threat of annihilation. It would be foolish for us to close our eyes to dangers which confront us, but it is also foolish to ask anxious questions about unknown visitations to come. It is better to ask if we Swedes have a clear and irrefutable right to keep our country to ourselves in the future and pursue our life as a free nation according to our laws.

It is true that no one challenges our right to self-determination, but over the whole world there lies a shadow, as if all nations were dominated by a newly discovered and inescapable law by which the mere existence of large nations robs small nations of their right to exist. Fortunately, Finland is busy awakening the world out of this haunting nightmare.

We, for our part, do not admit that such political pretensions have anything to do with "rights." Our answer is that we have the right to keep our country for ourselves and to determine our own future, and also the unanimous and indomitable will to defend what is and shall be ours. Where there exists this conviction and this will, there is no room for anxiety and fear.

Rule by Force Entails World Dangers

Wednesday, January 3, 1940

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his annual message to U.S.A. Congress :

I can understand the feelings of those who warn the nation that they will never again consent to the sending of American youth on the soil of Europe. But as I remember nobody has asked them to consent, for nobody expects such an undertaking. The overwhelming majority of my fellow-citizens do not abandon in the slightest their hope and expectation that the United States will not become involved in military participation in the war.

I can also understand the wishfulness of those who over-simplify the situation by repeating that all we have to do is to mind our own business and keep the nation from war.

But there is a vast difference between keeping from war and pretending this war is none of our business. We have not to go to war with other nations, but at least we can strive with other nations to encourage the kind of peace that will lighten the troubles of the world and by so doing help our own nation as well.

It becomes clearer and clearer that the future world will be a shabby and dangerous place to live in, even for Americans, if it is ruled by force in the hands of a few. Already swiftly moving events all over Europe have made us pause to think in a longer view. Fortunately, that thinking cannot be controlled by partisanship. The time is long past when any political party or any particular group can curry or capture public favour by labelling itself "the peace party" or "the peace bloc." That label belongs to the whole of the United States and to every right-thinking man, woman and child within it. . . .

We must look ahead and see the possibilities for our children if the rest of the world comes to be dominated by concentrated force alone. We must look ahead to see the effect on our own future if all small nations throughout the world have their independence snatched from them, or become the mere appendages to relatively vast and powerful military systems.

We must look ahead to see the kind of lives our children would have to lead if a large part of the rest of the world were compelled to worship the God imposed by a military ruler, or were forbidden to worship God at all; if the rest of the world were forbidden to read and hear facts, and were deprived of the truth which makes men free.

We must look ahead and see the effect on our future generations if world trade is controlled by any nation or group of nations which sets up that control through military force.

It is true, of course, that the record of past centuries includes the destruction of many small nations, and includes the enslavement of people and the building of empires on the foundation of force. But quite apart from the greater international morality which we seek today we recognize the practical fact that, with modern weapons and modern conditions, modern man can no longer lead a civilized life if we are to go back to the practice of wars of conquest of the 17th and 18th centuries.

Summing up this need of looking ahead, I hope we will have few American ostriches in our midst. It is not good for the ultimate health of ostriches to bury their heads in the sand. Only an ostrich would look upon these wars through the eyes of cynicism or ridicule.

Of course, the peoples of other nations have the right to choose their own form of government, but we in this nation still believe that such a choice should be predicated on certain freedoms which we think essential everywhere. We know we ourselves will never be wholly safe at home unless other Governments recognize such freedoms. . . .

The old conditions of world trade made for no enduring peace. When the time comes the United States must use its influence to open up the trade channels of the world so that no nation shall feel compelled in later days to seek by force of arms what it can well gain by peaceful conference.

Holland Issues Final Warning Against Aggression

Saturday, January 6

NETHERLANDS GOVERNMENT, in a Declaration :

For some time tendentious reports have been circulated in the foreign Press, with the result that doubts have been aroused about Holland's determination to defend herself against any attack with all the means at her disposal.

It must, therefore, be declared once more, to prevent miscalculations and to remove misunderstandings, that Holland's integrity is not an object for barter, and that any assault on Dutch territory will meet with the most obstinate resistance, from whatever side the attack may come.

Bessarabian Minorities Loyal to Rumania

KING CAROL OF RUMANIA, in a speech at Chisinau, Bessarabia, on the Soviet-Rumanian Frontier :

Every time I come to this corner of the earth between the Pruth and the Dniester I assure you that I do not come to a country which has been re-attached to Rumania, but to a country which has been, is, and always will be, Rumanian land. The cities which have been for centuries the sentinels of a frontier must for us all, whether here or in other parts of the Rumanian land, be the sentinels of what will eternally remain Rumanian.

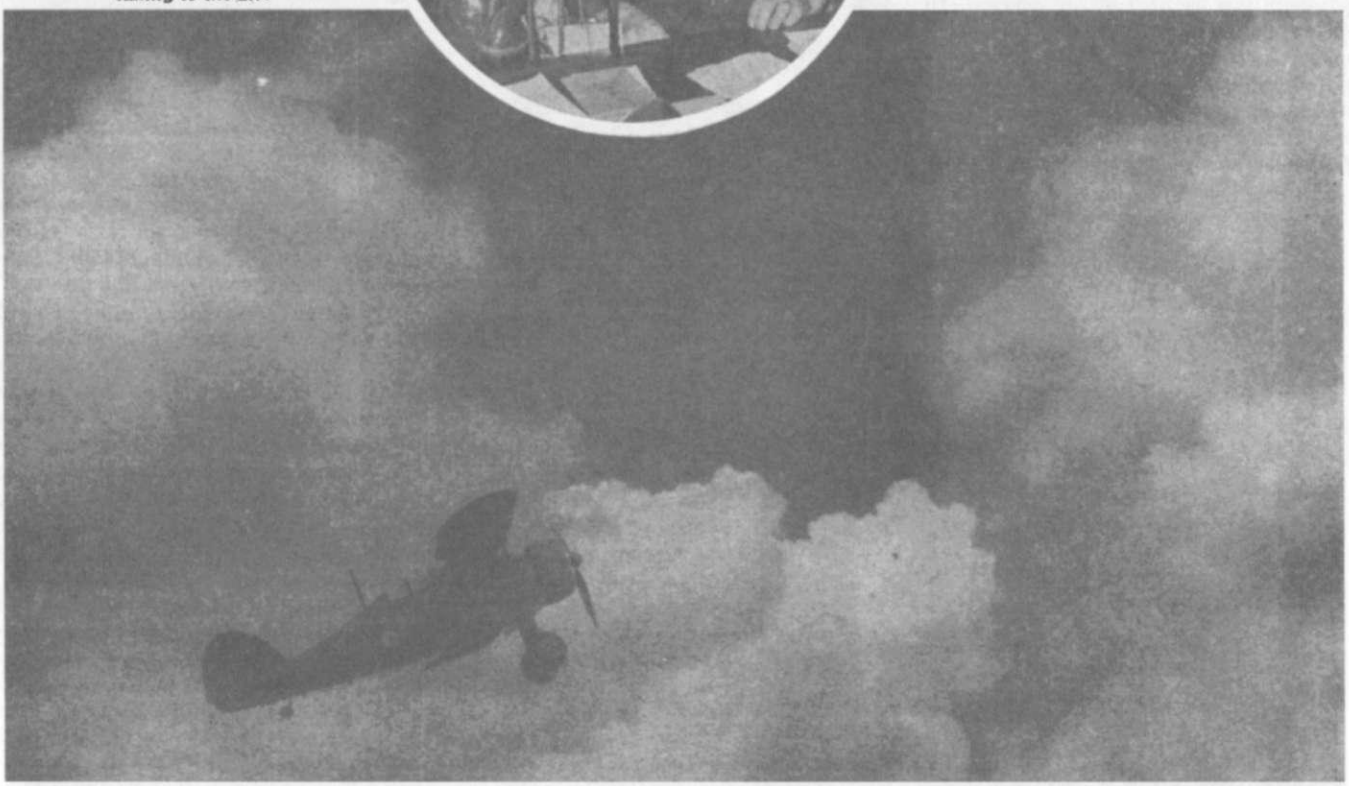
I was touched at the words which were addressed to me by the minorities of this part of the country. I was deeply moved to hear from them that they were content to be, body and soul, a part of the Rumanian entity while maintaining their language and beliefs. The songs of our poets of old, saying that the enemy cannot penetrate where there is union, must resound eternally in the soul of all Rumanians. I am certain that all those that live in this region, and all Rumanians throughout the country, are resolved to remain united. This unity of thought and sentiments will never tolerate an attempt on Rumania. This thought should fortify our hearts. My army should, in its turn, be so fortified that no enemy will ever be able to trample what is sacredly and eternally Rumanian.

The R.A.F. Interview the Clerk of the Weather

Here are the two pilots of the Meteorological Flight, wearing warm Sidcot flying suits and oxygen masks, before taking to the air.

Above, one of the "Met. men" studying the big thermometer attached to one of the interplane struts of his "Gladiator," and below (in circle) making his report after an observation flight.

FOR many years now the R.A.F. has maintained a special Meteorological Flight, which has carried out its important duties in all the kinds of weather we meet in Britain. Twice daily pilots go up in specially-equipped aircraft to make observations which will be of great value to the community. Now in wartime the weather must be kept secret, and no forecasts are issued except to Allied sea, land and air units. In this way our geographical position prevents any foreknowledge of Atlantic weather from reaching Germany.



Up and up to a height of 25,000 feet climbs the meteorological machine, an adapted single-seater Gloster "Gladiator" fighter. The cockpit is enclosed and heated, but even so the pilot wears oxygen apparatus as he makes his twice-daily routine observations of temperature, humidity, ice formation, and so on. It is impossible under war conditions for ships at sea and aircraft in flight to wireless their usual immediate weather reports, so the forecasting methods that remain are of vital importance.

Photos, Central Press

Parachutes Mean Safety for the Fighting Airman

Though comparatively little has been heard of the use of parachutes in the war to date, they may well be described as one of the greatest developments in the paraphernalia of war since the Armistice of 1918. Here we have an account of this ingenious contrivance which has saved the life of so many a fighting airman.

EVERY man who goes up in a Royal Air Force aircraft must wear a parachute. That this regulation is eminently necessary and desirable is shown by the figures of lives saved solely by the agency of parachutes in the service. Even before the present war began, over 2,000 men and women had floated safely to earth beneath an "Irvin air 'chute"—the standard type in the majority of the world's air forces.

One of the most exclusive of all clubs is the Caterpillar Club, to which this body of 2,000 belong, though membership is hardly the aim of those who prefer the quiet life. The sole condition for life membership is to have saved oneself from death by calling into emergency use one of these selfsame Irvin parachutes. As a reward, the makers present the fortunate airman with a gold tie-pin in the form of a caterpillar—the allusion being to that creature's use of silken thread when lowering itself to earth.

Badge of the Caterpillar Club. Members owe their lives to parachutes.

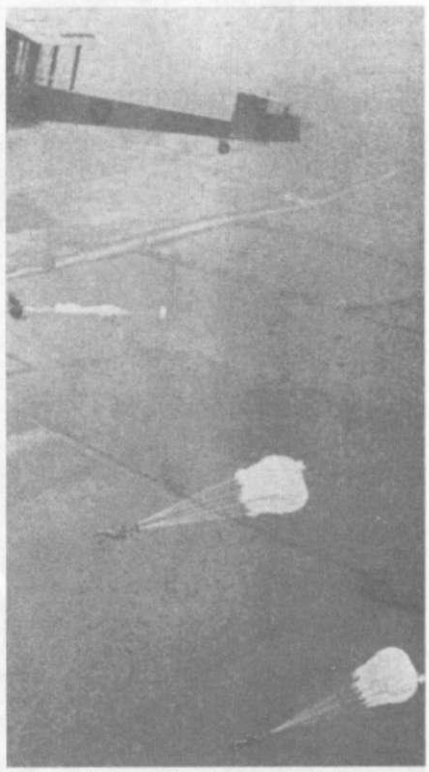
There are two distinct classes of parachute in use in the Air Service—the seat pack and the chest pack. The former, which is often a prominent feature in photographs of fighter and bomber pilots in flying kit (*see* pages 114 and 554, Vol. 1), acts as a convenient cushion to the pilot when ensconced in his cockpit, and its weight with harness (22 lbs.) is not nearly so fearsome as it appears.

The chest pack is the type used by observers, or any members of air crews who have to move about in the course of their duties. The parachute itself is detachable from the harness and is, in fact, normally stored elsewhere in the machine to secure ease of movement. In an emergency it is immediately buckled on at two points on the chest, and is then ready for immediate use.

It is difficult to realize that this essential part of an airman's gear (he would probably feel naked without it!) has been evolved, for all practical purposes, since the last Great War. There were earlier types in fairly wide use, but not until 1919 did the first successful "free" drop take place. In other words, until that time the relatively few parachutes in service were attached to the fuselage of the aeroplane, and were supposed to open automatically when the airman jumped. Now, all parachutes are made to open by the initiative of the jumper, who has to pull a rip-cord when he estimates that he is clear of the aircraft. The "pull-off" type is used only for training novices in the "art."

On the careful folding of a parachute and the correct placing of the rigging lines an airman's life may depend. Above, rigging lines are being checked.
Photo, Keystone

The failure of a modern 'chute to work is practically unknown, always providing the release ring is pulled at about 500 feet or so up. Below this height there is great danger of hitting the ground before the main 'chute is out to retard the fall. Even then the rate of descent is 16 feet per second or more. The first result of jerking the rip-cord is to release the small pilot 'chute, which in turn pulls out the main canopy. Though all this takes about 1½ seconds, it is undoubtedly "one of those moments that seem like a year."



This photograph of parachute-jumping shows how, as soon as the rip-cord is pulled, the small pilot 'chute opens, and this, in turn, pulls open the main canopy.
Photo, Associated Press.

The canopy is made of four-ply silk of the finest workmanship, and each one is tested and tested again until its efficiency is guaranteed. The strength of the apparatus—24 feet in circumference when fully opened, with a similar number of silken rigging lines—is truly remarkable.

The tactical use of parachuting in offensive air operations is something quite new and worthy of study. In the Polish campaign, German parachutists landed behind the enemy lines to cut off lines of communication; and the dropping of troops and machine-guns (in parts) in this manner has been a favourite theory of the Russians. Experts in other countries discountenance the practical application of such tactics when the defences are strong and on the alert. To float down slowly into easy range of a Bren gun is hardly any soldier's idea of a fighting farewell!

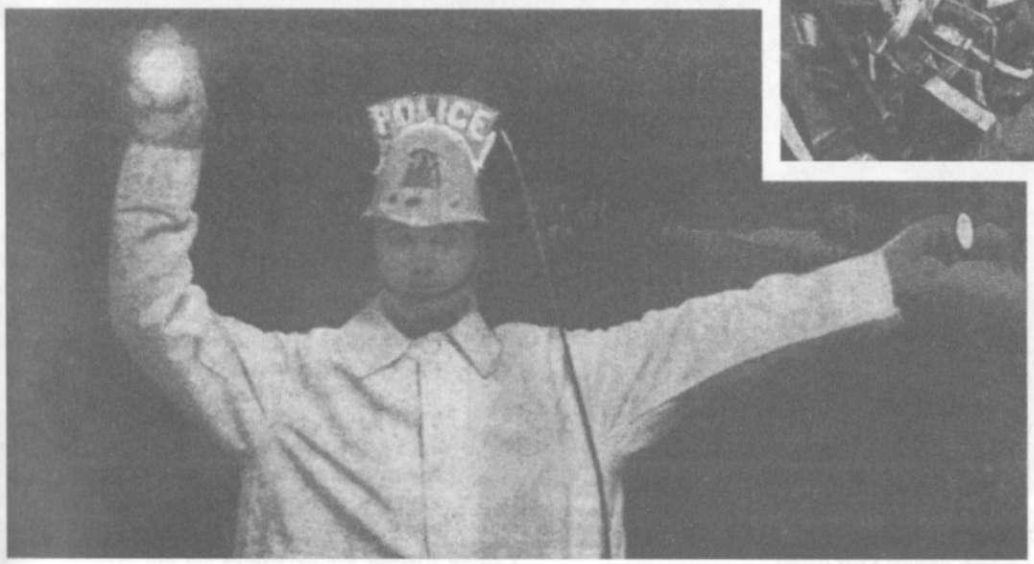
In page 219 of Vol. 1 of "The War Illustrated," a gunner of the R.A.F. gave a thrilling account of how he saved himself by parachute when his machine was brought down in flames. Here is Mr. Jones the "little Welsh air-gunner" in question.

Mr. Briton'll See It Through

Rationing affects everyone, and everyone is scrupulously observing the regulations. Left, a housewife buys national butter and the coupon is detached from her book. Right, a patient in hospital hands her ration book to the Sister.

There will be no wheeled traffic in this street at Newcastle-on-Tyne until the end of the war. The inhabitants have elected to have their Anderson shelters erected in the street instead of in their gardens or back yards.

Petrol restrictions and higher taxation have made second-hand motor-cars almost unsalable and many of them have been sold for scrap metal. In the photograph above cars are being broken up.



The Manchester police on traffic duty at night wear a white coat, have an illuminated sign on their helmets, and carry a green light in one hand and a red in the other.

Photos, Topical, Fox and Photopress

Sailing Ships are the Nursery of Germany's Navy

Like most of the other naval and seafaring powers—with the notable exception of Britain—Germany lays much stress on the training of her naval officers in the art and science of navigation by sail. In this chapter Frank C. Bowen gives some little-known facts about this aspect of our enemy's preparedness.

WHILE it claims not unreasonably to be one of the most scientific services in the world, the German Navy still insists on its officers doing three months under sail, just as the officers of its Merchant Service have to obtain a measure of sail experience before they can sit for their certificates. While there has been worldwide discussion concerning the superior seamanship of the sail-trained man, the Germans would seem to adhere to the system in the Merchant Service because the sail-trained man had more inclination to stick to the sea than the one who knows only steam and who is generally on the look-out for a job ashore, while in the Navy superior seamanship is never mentioned.

The authorities' idea in the three months' sail training, which the embryo executive officer has to undergo as soon as he has completed his first 2½ months' squad drill in the barrack square, is firstly to harden the bodies of the youngsters and secondarily to give their officers a better opportunity of watching their characteristics at close quarters and to decide whether they are suitable for admission into the Officer Corps. Until they have completed their three months at sea they are known as "officer candidates" only; they do not assume the rank of cadet, which in the British Service is taken as soon as the boy goes to Dartmouth, until their sailing ship course has been completed.

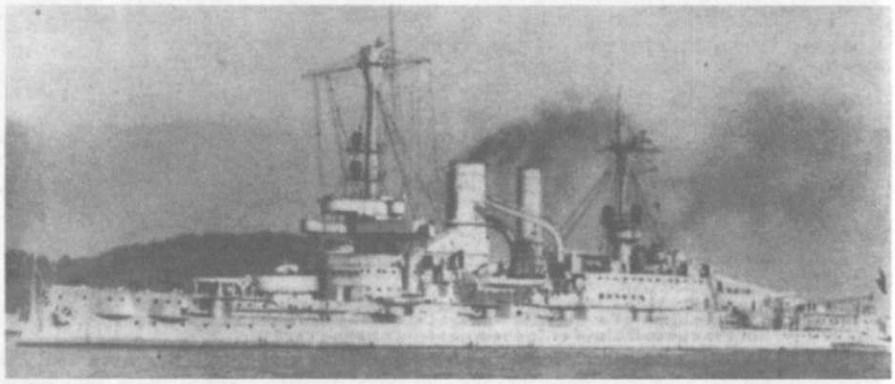
The "Gorch Fock," above, is one of the sailing ships in which the cadets of the German Navy still receive sea training. She is a steel-built barque of 1,480 tons, and has auxiliary Diesel engines.

Revival of Sail Training

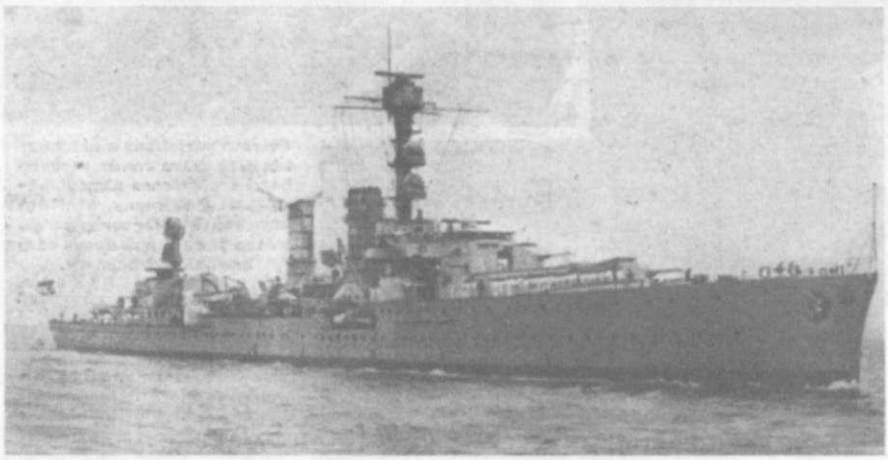
Even during the complete eclipse of the German Merchant Service after the late war, sail training was not abandoned, but in the Navy it had declined and had been given up some years before 1914.

After the war Count Felix von Luckner, "the Sea-Devil" who had become a popular German figure through his exploits against British commerce in the sailing ship "Seeadler," persuaded the German Navy to buy his auxiliary sailing vessel "Niobe" and to start sail training again. It is doubtful whether they would have done so had it not been for the vendor's popular backing, which had some influence in pre-Nazi days; but, having started it, the Naval authorities became quite enthusiastic, and when the "Niobe" was capsized in July 1932 with heavy loss of life among her youngsters, it was immediately suggested that she should be replaced by a bigger and far better ship and that public subscriptions should be raised for this purpose. About 20 per cent of the cost of the first ship, the "Gorch Fock," was raised in this way, but her consorts, the "Horst Wessel" and "Albert Leo Schlageter," which were subsequently built, came out of naval funds. Although there are differences in size, these ships are similar in plan, steel barques with a displacement of from 1,354 to 1,634 tons and auxiliary Diesel engines sufficient to permit them to keep to their schedules, although most of their cruising is done under sail.

Each ship carries about 200 youngsters and a small crew of experienced seamen to avoid a repetition of the "Niobe" disaster, although in normal times they are employed as instructors only; the lads run the ship in every way, and are made to do it properly. An indication of their future rank is given for the benefit of the seamen in the crew, but the budding officers are reminded of their absolute lack of importance in every direction. They are messed and live in the 'tween-decks, the petty officers' quarters dividing them from the crew forward, and the master-at-arms and ship's police being abaft them. Their quarters there are 95 feet long by the beam of the ship,



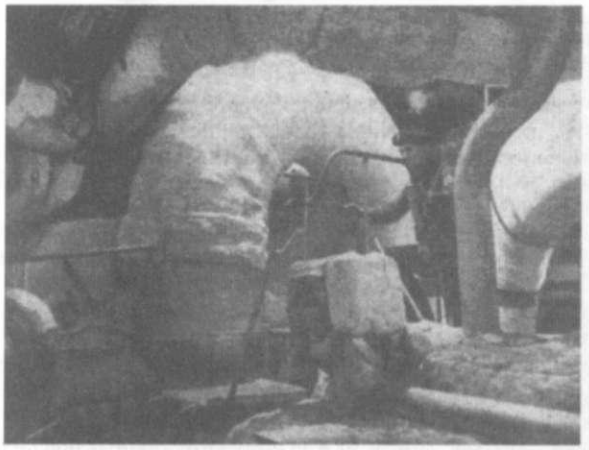
The battleship "Schleswig Holstein," built in 1906, was partially reconstructed in 1926-28 as a cadets' training ship. In the Nazi attack on Poland she was employed in shelling the Polish port of Westerplatte (*see* page 93, Vol. I).



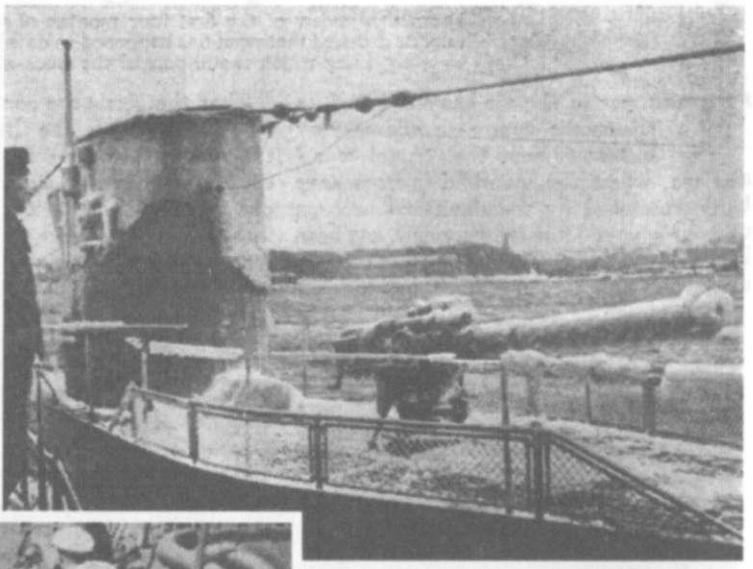
The later training of cadets is carried out in the cruiser "Emden," 5,400 tons. Built in 1925, she was one of Germany's first attempts to create a new navy. She was named after the German cruiser "Emden," which in the last war was a successful commerce raider.

Photos, Nautical Photo Agency

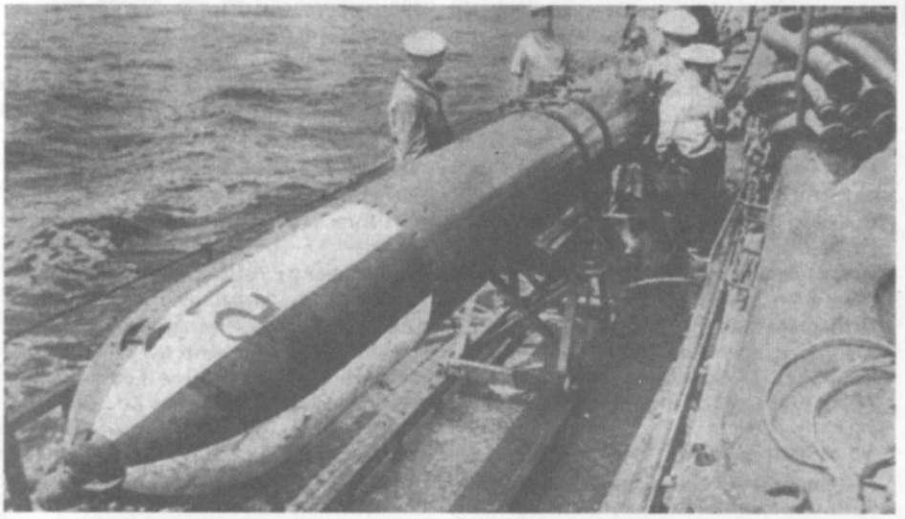
Sidelights on Training in the Nazi Fleet



After their sail-training the future officers of the German Navy must learn all about engines driven by steam and heavy oil. Here is the boiler-room of a Nazi warship.



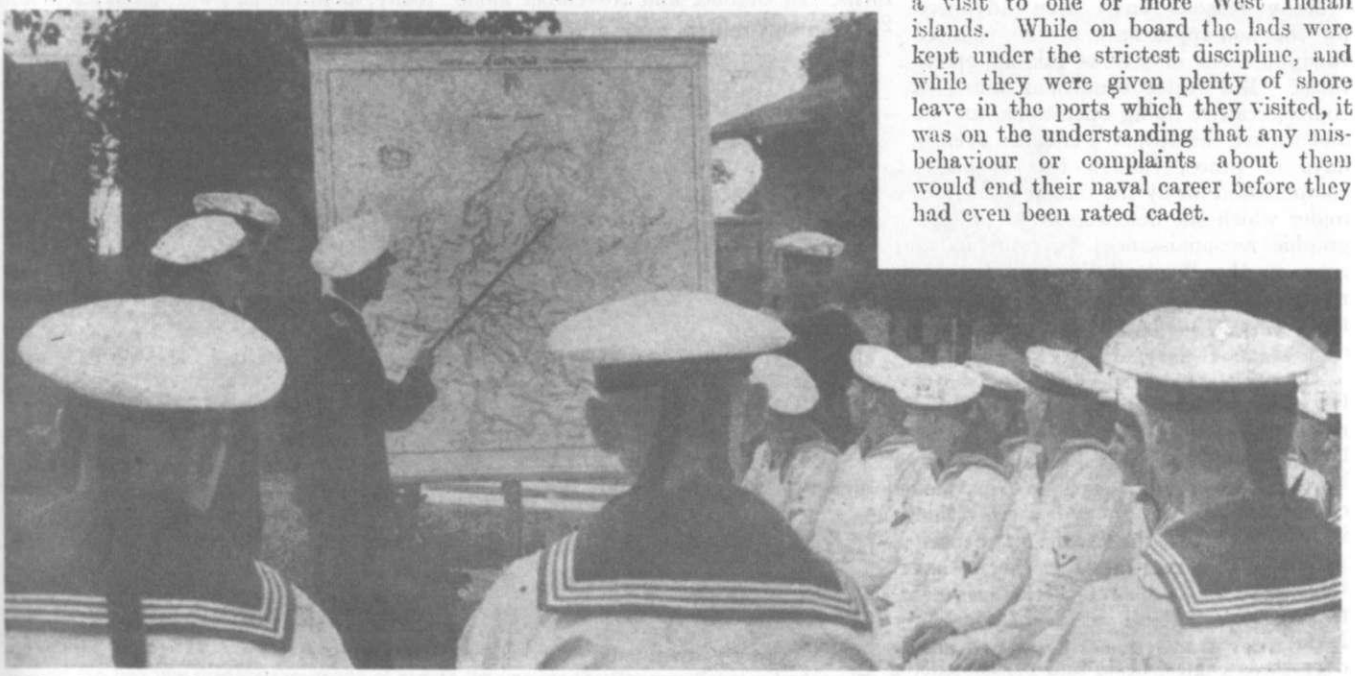
In wartime the training of crews for German submarines can be done only in the Baltic. This U-boat, ice-bound in a northern port, exemplifies the difficulties.



These sailors of the German Navy are preparing a torpedo, fitted with a dummy head for target practice. In modern warships torpedoes are fired from the decks, not from tubes beneath the water-line as was the former practice, now employed only in submarines. The torpedoes of today are chiefly 21 in.

about 39 feet, and are cut up by the mainmast and the casing from the engine-room. Their washplace, spartan but practical, is under the forecastle head from the foremast to the heel of the bowsprit.

While they are on board these ships the lads work like seamen under the instruction of the permanent ratings, and their three months' cruising is made as varied as possible. A certain amount of it has always been spent in the Baltic, which the youngsters were taught to regard as a German lake, but before the war the main cruise was nearly always down the Atlantic and generally included a visit to one or more West Indian islands. While on board the lads were kept under the strictest discipline, and while they were given plenty of shore leave in the ports which they visited, it was on the understanding that any misbehaviour or complaints about them would end their naval career before they had even been rated cadet.



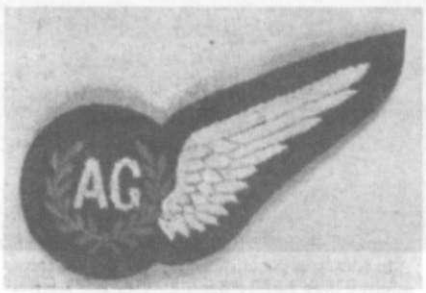
It has been remarked that the men from German submarines who have been taken prisoner are very young, and a lack of trained personnel was one of the chief difficulties encountered in re-creating the German Navy. The young sailors above are at a training-school for non-commissioned officers just before the present war. They are listening to a lecture on tactics. Is there any significance in the fact that the lecturer has his pointer on the Eastern Baltic?

Photos, International Graphic Press and Keystone

War In The Air Has So Far Hardly Begun

From this review of the first four months of war so far as the air is concerned, it may be deduced that what has happened to date is the curtain-raiser to that aerial blitzkrieg which is still part of the stock-in-trade of the Nazi boasters.

THE war in the air has continued its spasmodic course—a course very different from the "total war" at sea, where the manifold horrors have been matched by the dauntless heroism of our sailors. Not that heroism has been lacking in the air. The decorations already awarded for air operations against the



This new distinguishing badge has been approved by the King for issue to officers and men who have qualified as air gunners.

enemy have been richly deserved, and there must have been many other occasions when great gallantry and fighting skill have gone unrecognized.

The belligerent air forces kept—at first—to the unwritten rules of international decency, fulfilling their Governments' promises by refraining from attacks on anything but legitimate military targets. But in the third month of war German seaplanes co-operated with their navy in sowing illegal mines off the British coast, and before the end of the year German airmen had descended to the bombing and machine-gunning of unarmed fishing vessels.

Many reasons have been advanced for the non-appearance of the vaunted Nazi bombers in serious raiding operations. Mid-winter conditions must, of course, restrict flying operations, for fog and ice are the airman's enemies even in days of peace, though this is partly compensated for by the similar difficulties under which the defences work. Photographic reconnaissances over the battle zone on the Western Front have been restricted for the same reason, but over the North Sea aerial activity has been constant and unremitting.

The initiative certainly passed to the Germans in the first wave of raids and reconnaissances and the subsequent mine-laying, but the R.A.F. (like the Navy) have quickly found a reply to every move of the enemy, and are now a daily thorn in the flesh of the Nazis. "Security patrols" of long-range bombers have been sent out to "sweep" the area near the German island bases of Borkum, Norderney and Sylt, acting as policemen over these eagles' nests and occasionally attacking suitable (and undeniably legitimate) ground targets.

That the Nazis are concerned over the ease with which the R.A.F. penetrate their most heavily-armed defences and continue to cruise almost at will over considerable tracts of the Reich is indicated by the large forces of new-type fighters now stationed on their north-west seaboard. Though no student of the war can fail to exclaim at the small numbers of raiders sent over by Britain - so small as to make, it would seem, losses almost inevitable, despite the excellent quality of our machines and men—the fire-power of such British aircraft as the Vickers Wellington, concentrated in power-operated gun-turrets, is at once the enemy's envy and despair.

By the beginning of 1940 there had already been nearly fifty air-raid alarms in the Orkneys, and at least ten in the Shetland group. Why, many have asked, are these remote and unpromising islands so popular an objective with the Nazi air arm? The main reason, we may suspect, is belief in the existence of British bases, both naval and air, in the islands and also farther south. There is the added incentive that interception by British forces on North Sea patrol is, for the latter, like searching for a needle in a haystack. At the same time, navigational experience is gained on every flight.

Nazi Raiders' Heavy Losses

Even so, German losses have been far heavier than our own, and the half-hearted attacks at sea on warships and convoys have proved almost entirely futile. In October and November alone 21 German raiders were destroyed in 51 engagements over or near Britain without a single R.A.F. fighter being forced down—a contrast to the Germans' losses in Messerschmitts when defending their own territory.

Another point which has not been sufficiently emphasized is the strain put on the already sorely tried German exchequer by even a small scale air-raid. Even if all goes well, a flight by a dozen bombers to England's East Coast costs something like £3,000 in all, of which some £500 is represented by fuel, consumed in a typical twin-engined machine at 120 to 200 gallons an hour. Moreover—and this applies more particularly to our own operations—to use heavy bombers for reconnaissance is dangerous work and obviously uneconomical.

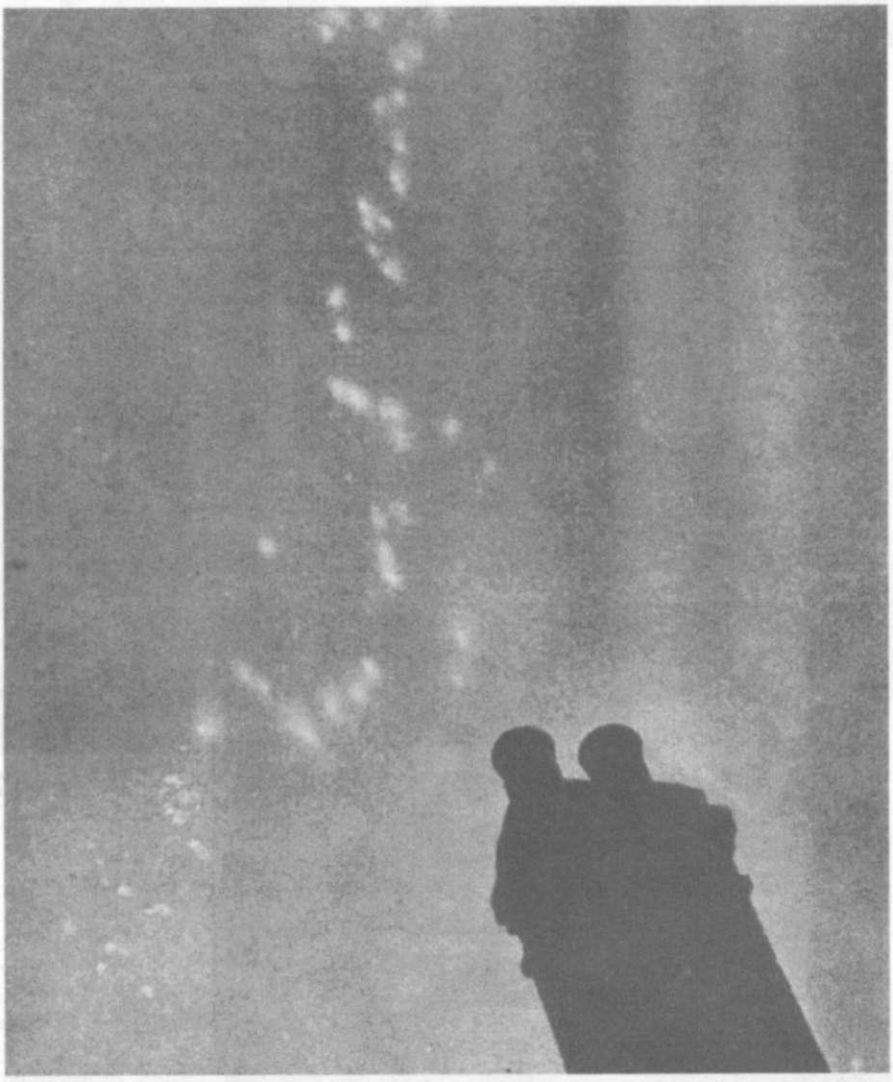
Had the German Air Force been sent over en masse in the first few days of war (as many people expected) our defences might have been broken; now, with time on our side, our morale unshaken, and our forces daily growing in strength, that chance for the enemy has been missed. Hitler may continue to make such threats as he is believed to have used at Munich in 1938—"squadrons of a hundred machines will be sent over in waves for twenty-four consecutive hours"—but if Germany should strike by air in this manner Britain's defences are fully equal to the task, while the R.A.F. Bomber Command, conserved intact, could at once deliver counter-blows of devastating effect. Nor must we forget the powerful air effort of our French Allies, who today, as in the last war, have pilots and aeroplanes of the finest quality.

The recent reconnaissance flights by the Royal Air Force over Germany have been carried out in bitterly cold weather. Above, one of the Blenheim bombers that are constantly on the watch for any sign of greater Nazi activity in the air is just landing somewhere in France.

Photo, British Official/ Crown Copyright

All Eyes on the Battle High Up in Britain's Sky

FROM the Thames Estuary to the Shetland Islands, Nazi bombers have made fleeting visits to the coast of England and Scotland. They have been met by fire from anti-aircraft guns and chased by fighter 'planes, but surprise has been expressed that they have not had to pay more dearly for their temerity than would seem to have been the case. Their immunity is believed to be due to the fact that the German 'planes are now fitted with self-sealing petrol tanks, so that a machine is not obliged to come down even if the petrol tank is pierced by machine-gun fire. However, none of the German machines has penetrated far inland, and beyond those dropped in the Rosyth raid, the only bombs fell in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Fortunately, even these caused no loss of human life. The number of Nazi reconnaissance 'planes over Eastern England, from Newcastle to Essex. reached a high peak during the second week in January.



During the last few months thousands of people living near the Thames Estuary and on the East Coast of England and Scotland have had brief glimpses of a battle in the skies such as is shown in the top photograph. A Nazi bomber has been sighted and greeted by heavy anti-aircraft gunfire, and as it speeds through the air its course is marked by a trail of bursting shells. In the other photograph people on the promenade of an East Coast resort are watching an aerial combat, oblivious of danger.

Photos. Planet News

Britain's Oldest Colony Sends Her Sons to Serve

Outside the log cabins of a lumber camp in a remote part of Newfoundland, the Royal Proclamation declaring that a state of war exists between Britain and Germany is being read by an officer in uniform.
Photo, Keystone

Newfoundland fishermen made a ready response to the call for men for the Royal Navy and to man additional minesweepers. Here some of them are cheering Rear-Admiral Bromley, who welcomed them to Britain on behalf of the Colonial Secretary.
Photo, Fox

These three Newfoundland fishermen, who have come to join the Navy, have just had their uniforms issued to them. The lumbermen below are Newfoundlanders now at work in Scotland cutting timber. This photograph was taken in December, 1939. *Photo, G.P.U.*

NEWFOUNDLAND has time and again proved her loyalty to the Mother Country, and she has already made a valuable contribution to the Empire's efforts, for many of her young fishermen have crossed the Atlantic to join the Royal Navy or to serve in minesweepers. The first contingent arrived in the middle of December 1939. Another equally valuable contribution in man power from Newfoundland has been the arrival of a number of lumbermen, whose services in meeting the country's needs in timber from British forests will be invaluable. In the last war the Newfoundland Forestry Corps of 1,000 men did similar valuable work in Scotland, while nearly 3,000 men of the Newfoundland R.N.R. served in the Royal Navy.

Among the Newfoundlanders who have come as lumbermen, only one is of Scottish nationality—Bill Maxwell, above.

Eye Witness Stories of Episodes and Adventures in the Second Great War

They Machine-Gunned 32 Out of 40 of Us

One of the most savage of Nazi air attacks on unarmed ships occurred on January 9, when the Trinity House ship "Reculver" was bombed and machine-gunned. Of the 40 men on board 30 were injured and two killed. This eye-witness account is specially contributed to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED by arrangement with the "Yarmouth Mercury." Attacks were also made on lightships

Captain W. J. Lees of the Trinity House motor-vessel, "Reculver," limped ashore with a bullet wound in his knee after his ship had been attacked by a Nazi 'plane.

WHEN the "Reculver," which had been relieving lightships off the East Coast, reached port, she was a floating wreck, with her holds shattered by bombs, her decks split and splintered by bullets—the result of a half-hour attack within sight of the sea front.

Mr. Albert Henry Lewis, of Gt. Yarmouth, a lightship master, escaped unscathed from his adventure, but caught a bad cold following a ducking.

"It was a hellish affair," said Mr. Lewis, "but we must be thankful it was not worse. When my friend, Mr. Fred Leech, died in hospital it was a happy release, as he was full of shrapnel and in great pain. I thought he would die in my arms on board, but we managed to bandage him up and get him into a lifeboat. I can hardly believe that my best friend has died in this way.

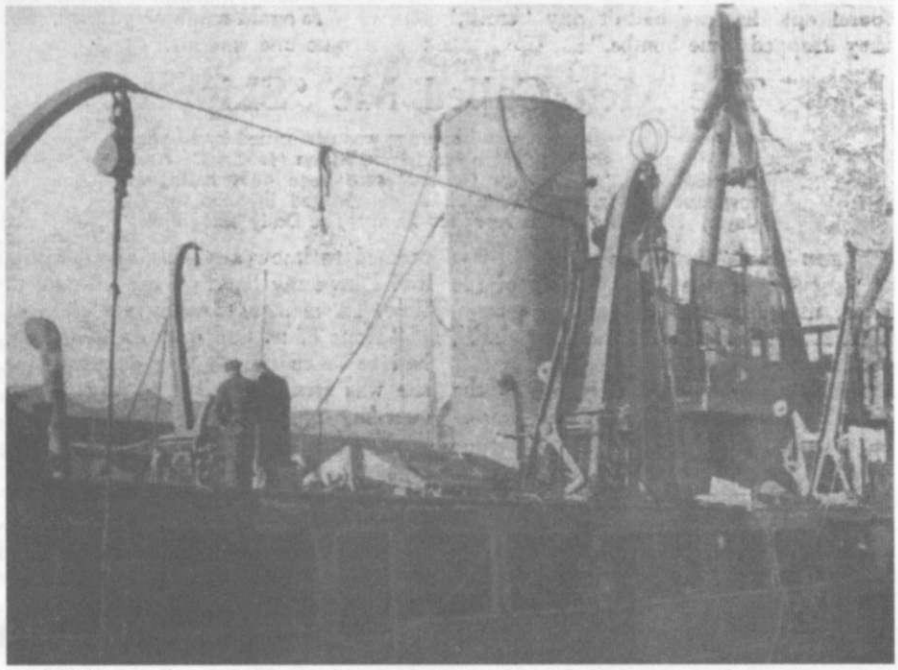
"The ship itself was in a terrible state. The worst bomb exploded abaft the engine-room skylight, near the lightship officers' berths, went right through the deck and the crews' quarters and made a shambles. It was a good job that the machine-gunning had brought us all on deck, otherwise there would have been 30 or more killed.

"The swine had riddled with bullets one of the two lifeboats we had lowered, but as her bows were hanging up by the fore-fall we did not know this until we had tumbled in and cut the fall. She then immediately filled. We just managed to scramble out while she was sinking and get back on board. The two starboard side boats had been blown to smithereens by the bomb, so we had no boats left. The other portside boat had gone to the trawler with 28 hands.

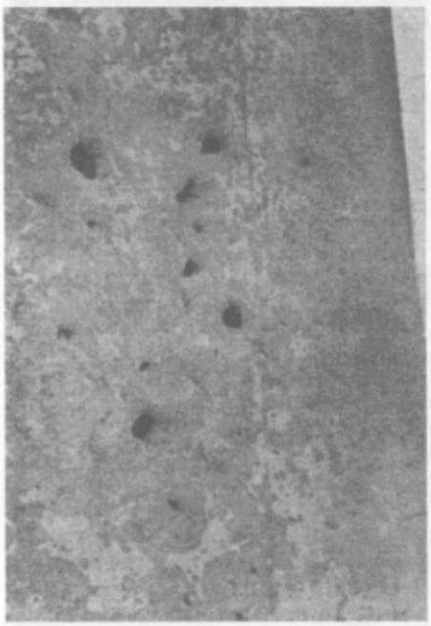
"Luckily we discovered the vessel was not sinking, so we got busy bandaging the casualties and preparing them for transfer to the lifeboat. This waiting was the most miserable part of the whole affair. We were cold and hungry, and those of us who were soaked through from our ducking had no chance to dry ourselves. We were eventually transferred to a tug which took us to the depot, and when I arrived home at 8 p.m. my clothes had dried on me.

"All through the last war the Germans had the greatest respect for the Trinity Service and never attacked us. We have enough to cope with in the natural perils of the sea, and in wartime the ever-present danger of mines, without being callously attacked by Hitler's 'planes. I would sooner come up against a mine than another of those sky-murderers. You do have a chance to lower your boats without being bombed and machine-gunned while you are doing so, and helpless to retaliate.

"I am a peaceful fellow," Mr. Lewis

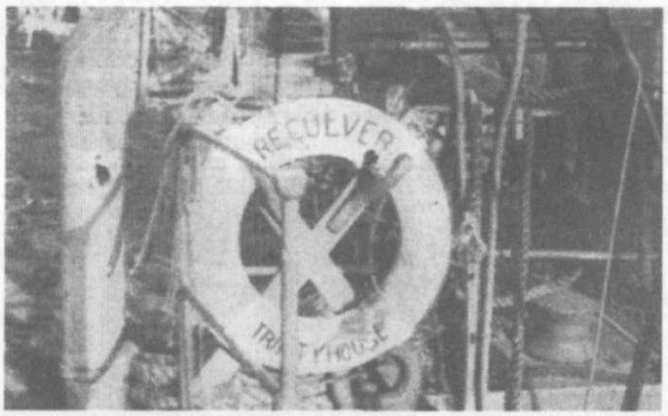


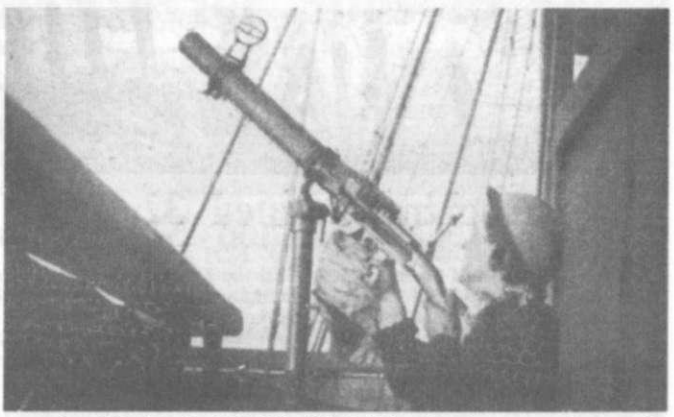
The "Reculver" at the time at which she was attacked was unarmed and was engaged in her ordinary duties of relieving the men in charge of lightships who are all under the control of Trinity House. How merciless was the unprovoked attack can be gathered from the litter which strews the decks. *Photos, Associated Press*



Here is a part of the funnel of the "Reculver," riddled with machine-gun bullets. The bridge on which the captain was standing was only a few feet in front of it. *Photo, British Pictorial Productions*

I WAS THERE!





Another view of the deck of the "Reculver" after she had reached port is seen top left. To the left of the life-belt bearing her name is one of the ventilators, pierced by a machine-gun bullet. Right is an anti-aircraft machine-gun on board the ship which came to the rescue of the "Reculver" and eventually drove off the raider and towed the Trinity House boat into harbour. It was believed by the crew of the rescue ship that they had inflicted considerable damage on the raiding aircraft.

Photos, British Pictorial Productions and G.P.U.

The Men Called Me 'Skipper'

A fine feat of seamanship and courage was performed by 18-year-old Malcolm Morrison, from Stornoway in the Hebrides. After his ship, the "Arlington Court" (see page 445) had been torpedoed, Morrison navigated a waterlogged lifeboat for six days. His story is here reprinted from "The Daily Telegraph."

WHEN the "Arlington Court" was sunk in the Atlantic, six of the crew, including two firemen, the cook, aged 65, a galley-boy and another youth, took to one of the lifeboats.

As Morrison was the only one of the six who knew how to set a sail—knowledge he had gained as a boy in a drifter—he took charge of the boat. He even took charge of the very limited water supply and doled out half a cupful a day to each man.

With the aid of a small compass, he steered a course which brought him into a busy shipping lane where the lifeboat was sighted and rescued by a Norwegian tanker.

Morrison's feat was brought to the notice of the Admiralty, and it was decided to invite him to London to tell the story of his experiences to high naval officers and to receive their congratulations.

Interviewed in London, Morrison said: "High seas were running when we started on our six days' search for land.

"At first some of them tried to row the boat, but they broke two of the four oars and had to give it up. So I rigged up a sail and took charge of the steering.

"I was the only one in the boat who seemed to know anything about sailing, and I kept my hand on the tiller all the time. The men got to calling me 'Skipper.'

"None of us was fully dressed, as we had to leave the ship in a hurry when she was struck. I had on my trousers over my pyjamas, my sea boots and a life-saving-jacket. In the boat were four blankets, but in the heavy seas we shipped a lot of water and these soon became soaked.

"We all suffered terribly from the cold and had frostbite, particularly in our legs.

Describing the attack on the lightship, one of the crew said:

"The 'plane came over us and started to drop bombs the size of footballs.

"It circled the lightship five or six times and dropped four bombs, but they all missed.

"The 'plane's crew then started to machine-gun us. They hit our lantern and put out the light.

"We tried to launch a little boat to row away and return after the attack, but we were again machine-gunned. Fortunately no one was hit."

"One night we sighted a neutral ship, but she did not answer our flares. Next day a convoy failed to see our signals.

"For two more days we sighted no ships, and I was getting anxious about the water supply.

"We struck stormy weather again, and I reckoned we were about 200 miles from land when we were picked up by a Norwegian tanker and landed in England."

Asked how he knew in which direction to steer, Morrison said he had taken turns at the wheel of the "Arlington Court," and he followed the north-easterly course that was being taken by the ship. He was able to steer at night because the dial of the compass was illuminated.

Malcolm Morrison, who performed the remarkable feat described in this page, is here being congratulated by a police sergeant when he left the Admiralty after giving an account of his great adventure.

Our Great Liner Cracked in Two

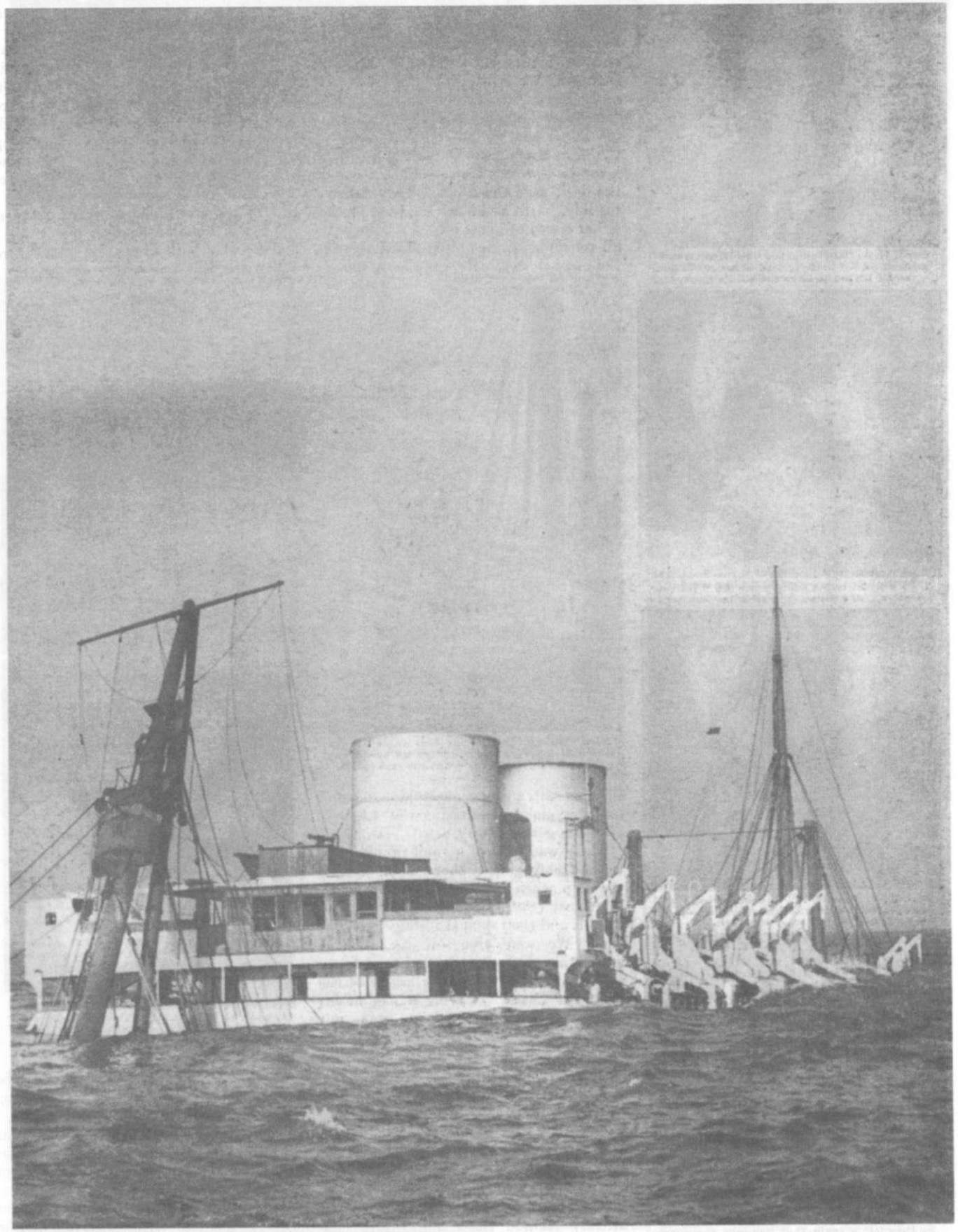
On January 9 the 10,000-ton Union Castle liner, "Dunbar Castle," was mined off England's south-east coast. Three people were killed, one being the commander, Capt. H. A. Causton. Specially contributed to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is the story of Mr. C. W. Gitsham. A passenger's experience is also described.

WE stewards had finished serving the passengers' lunch, and were having our own standing up, as usual (said Mr. Gitsham) with our plates on the pantry flap, when there suddenly was a terrific explosion. We were thrown into the air and scattered all over the place (it was as I landed from that excursion that I broke my arm). All the lights failed—we were in pitch blackness. I saw smoke and sparks showering from the galley. We were coughing and choking, inhaling fumes from the explosives, feeling blindly for the steadying effect of the bulkheads. The ship listed over at an acute angle and the rubber deck was wet from incoming water, so we skidded rather than walked.

As we endeavoured to get on to the next deck above, we had to push, shove,

I WAS THERE!

Stricken by a Nazi Mine She Foundered in Wintry Waters



The "Dunbar Castle," which sank off the East Coast on December 29 after striking a mine, is here seen as she lay on the bottom in shallow water just after the last of her passengers and crew had been saved. A ship of 10,000 tons, one of the crack liners of the Union-Castle Line, she was outward bound for South Africa, and had on board about 48 passengers, including nine children, and a crew of about 150.

Photo, Fox

I WAS THERE!

Capt. H. A. Causton of the "Dunbar Castle" injured on the bridge, died at his cabin door while trying to save the ship's papers.

Two women and a baby from the "Dunbar Castle," are here seen just after landing.

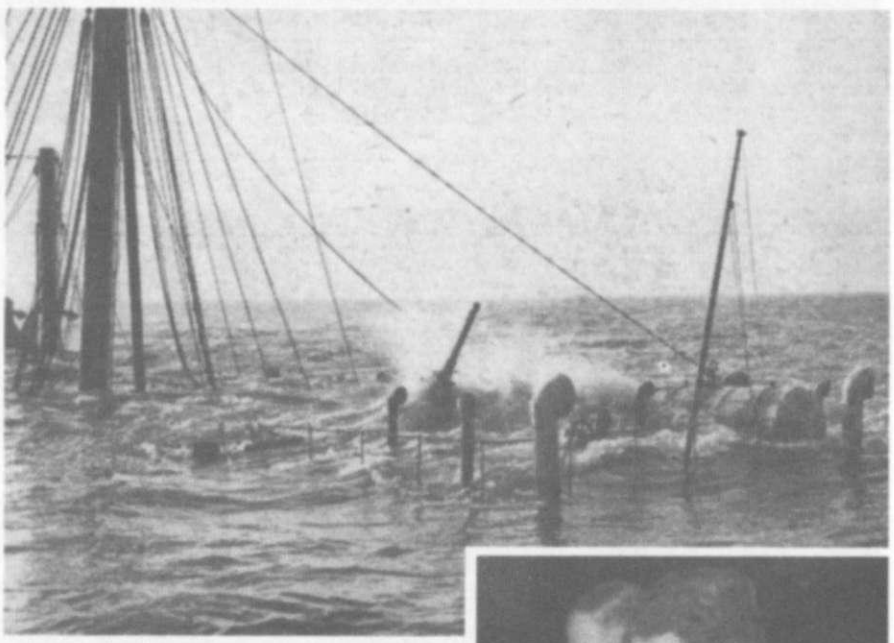
Seaman J. Macdonald, injured in head and hand, is seen with another surviving member of the crew, J. Smith.

These sisters of mercy were photographed as they left a train that brought survivors to London.

Photos, Fox, G.P.U., "Daily Mirror," Central Press and Keystone.

heave furniture, stanchions and debris out of the way, having to climb over where we could not budge anything. Climbing at an angle is particularly difficult in light, much more so in utter darkness, for a ship's "black-out" is much blacker than ashore.

We saw a streak of daylight and made for it. When we got on deck some of the few boats that it was possible to lower had been lowered—but laid out on the deck were the cooks. They suffered terribly, burnt and bleeding, their clothes either blown or burnt off. Into the boats all were placed, including Mr. Robinson, the Chief Officer. He was a hero, the last to leave after doing everything possible for everyone and ensuring the safety of all boats getting away.



The "Dunbar Castle" at low water shows the anti-aircraft gun mounted on her stern, but no flag now flies from the jack-staff.

There was a bit of a swell running and we had only gone a short distance from the ship when the ship cracked in two. The mast crashed. Soon only the two funnels and the top of the bridge could be seen. We were alongside the coasting vessel that picked us up when a figure was seen on the top of the bridge of the "Dunbar Castle" waving a flag in his left arm, and a lifeboat was put back. As the lifeboat drew near, the lads shouted for the First Wireless Operator to jump into the sea and they would pick him up. He had stuck by his post till the last.

Two dogs which were already the pets of a good many of us, also went down with the ship. One, a dachshund, we had nicknamed "Adolf." It was a good dog and we were sorry to lose it.

Some of the lads of the crew have already secured ships and before long we shall all be on the sea again, not scuttling but fighting a clean fight.

One of the passengers, Miss Nora Bunny, told of the bravery of Second Officer Saunders, who set his own broken leg in their lifeboat.

"He was obviously suffering great pain and had very bad injuries to his leg, but set it with splints which had been brought into the lifeboat while we were tossing about in the choppy sea," she said.

"He never complained, but went along grimly with the job, and at the same time was giving instructions as to direction to the crew, who were rowing.

"I was huddled next to my mother, and we were both frozen.

"We couldn't see very far as there was a mist, and the last we saw of the ship was her mast and funnels leaning badly on one side.

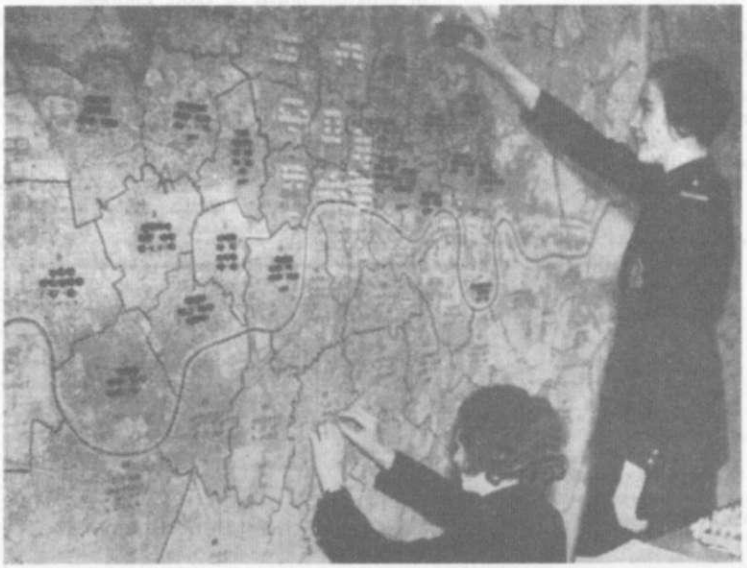
As soon as the crew of the mined liner were landed they were taken to a Seamen's Hostel. Above is Steward C. W. Gitsham at breakfast, who tells his story here.

Photo, Associated Press

"Next to me was a sailor who was even colder than I was. It seems he was asleep when we were mined and only got his trousers and a light vest on.

"Although he was rowing away for dear life, his teeth were chattering and he was blue with cold, but like all the other men, he was very brave."

Wartime London Has World's Biggest Fire Brigade



The movements of all the pumps of the A.F.S. are recorded at headquarters. The telephone operators are notified of the positions of all appliances, which are then marked by flags on a large-scale map, so that the officer in charge can see all concentrations at a glance.

The Regional Control Officer directs operations from headquarters. Telephone operators receive news of fires in the London area which are noted on a map so that the proper disposition of appliances can be made.

IN November 1939 it was announced that the London Fire Brigade and the Auxiliary Fire Service were to be amalgamated into one body, which made it the largest fire brigade in the world. The whole great organization is controlled by Commander Firebrace, Regional Fire Officer, whose place as Chief Officer has been taken for the duration of the war by Major F. W. Jackson. The combined brigades consist of 2,300 officers and men of the London Fire Brigade and 17,234 men, 4,396 women and 2,554 youths of the Auxiliary Fire Service. In addition to the 59 land fire stations and three river stations of the London Fire Brigade, there are now 300 sub-fire stations with over 3,000 appliances.

Left, a fire float on the Thames is sending a jet of water high into the black-out during practice. Members of the Auxiliary Fire Service on duty at night are seen, above, in a court-room that serves as their dormitory.

Photos, Sport & General and Keystone

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Thursday, January 11, 1940

Russians attacked in region of Salla, but were repulsed.

German raiders crossed British coastline at points from East Scotland down to Thames Estuary. Anti-aircraft fire and fighter patrols drove them out to sea. No bombs dropped.

British Coastal Command aircraft attacked three enemy destroyers off Jutland coast.

Three R.A.F. fighters saved three British cargo-boats from attack by Nazi raider in North Sea.

Paris reported increased artillery activity on both sides of Western Front, and patrol clashes in the Vosges. Three German machines brought down behind French lines.

Heinkel bomber made forced landing in Holland after being damaged in encounter with British fighters.

British steamer "Keynes" bombed and sunk in North Sea.

British tanker "El Oso" mined in convoy off West Coast.

British trawler "Celita" machine-gunned in North Sea.

Friday, January 12

Fierce fighting reported **in Salla sector** where Russian force is in danger of encirclement.

Soviet aircraft raided several towns in southern Finland and severely **damaged Lahti radio station.**

R.A.F. machine had running fight at 20,000 ft. with four Messerschmitt fighters over Siegfried Line, but returned safely.

R.A.F. carried out night reconnaissance flights over West and North-West Germany, and patrols over German seaplane bases in Heligoland Bight. Bombs were dropped in Rantum Bay and put out lights forming a guide to minelaying aircraft.

Enemy aircraft over East Coast and Thames Estuary driven out to sea by fighter patrols.

British steamer "Granta" sunk off East Coast.

British ship "Pitwines" bombed off East Coast, but reached port on tow.

British trawler "St. Lucida" sunk by mine off North-East Coast.

Norwegian steamer "Fredville" reported mined.

Saturday, January 13

Soviet advance reported in Salla sector.

Russian 'planes bombed Helsinki, Turku and other southern towns in Finland.

R.A.F. carried out greatest wartime survey flight during Friday night, reconnaissances being made over Austria, Bohemia, Eastern and North-West Germany. Leaflets were dropped over Vienna and Prague. All machines returned safely.

Heinkel bomber shot down off Firth of Forth.

Paris reported artillery activity, particularly west of the Vosges and east of the Moselle.

Sunday, January 14

Forty Russian 'planes took part in attacks on Petsamo front. There were movements of Russian reserves and supplies southwards of Petsamo.

Helsinki was twice bombed.

Heavy Russian attacks reported **on the Salla front,** which Finns claimed to have repulsed.

Soviet machines bombed Swedish island of Kallaxoen.

All army leave suspended in Holland and Belgium and also for the B.E.F.

Paris reported successful photographic survey flights over Germany during week-end.

Eighteen members of pro-Nazi organization in New York arrested for conspiracy.

Monday, January 15

Severe infantry struggle reported to be in progress north of Lake Ladoga.

Russian aeroplanes again bombed Finnish towns, particularly Viipuri (Viborg).

Tension in Belgium and Holland somewhat relaxed, although increased German activity across Dutch frontier still gave rise to anxiety.

British trawler "William Ivey" bombed and machine-gunned in North Sea.

Dutch steamer "Arendskerk" sunk by U-boat in Bay of Biscay.

THE POETS & THE WAR

XVI

THERE IS STILL SPLENDOUR

By Laurence Binyon

I

O when shall life taste sweet again? For the air
Is fouled: the world sees, hears; and each day brings
Poison-fumes to infect eternal things,
Were they corruptible. Harsh trumpets blare
Victory over the defenceless: there
Beauty and compassion, all that loves the light,
Is outcast; thousands in a homeless night
Climb misery's blind paths to the peak Despair. [bleeds.
Not only martyred flesh, but the mind
There's nothing left to call inhuman, so
Defaced is man's name by the things men do. [this,
O worse, yet worse, if the world, seeing
The hideous spawn of mis-begotten creeds,
Grown used, drugged, deadened, should accept the abyss.

II

There is still splendour: the sea tells of it
From far shores, and where murder's made to lurk
In the clean waters; there men go to work
Simply, upon their daily business, knit
Together in one cause; they think no whit
Of glory; enough, that they are men. To those
Who live by terror, calmly they oppose
What wills, dares, and despises to submit,
And the air tells of it: out of the eye's ken
Wings range and soar, a symbol of the free,
In the same cause, outspeeding the swift wind.
Millions of spirits bear them company.
This is the splendour in the souls of men
Flaming against that treason to mankind.

—*The Observer*

Threatening protests by Soviet Government against help being given to Finland rejected by Norway and Sweden.

At Germany's request, Danish island of Roenoe, near Nazi base of Sylt, is now blacked-out.

Tuesday, January 16

Admiralty announced that **three British submarines,** "Seahorse," "Undine" and "Starfish," had failed to return or to report, and must be **considered lost.**

German High Command stated that the two latter submarines had been destroyed in Heligoland Bight, but part of their crews were rescued.

On Salla front **Finns dispersed two companies.**

Further Russian air raids over southern Finland. Reported that since January 12 Soviet 'planes had dropped nearly 3,000 bombs on 50 centres.

Intense cold prevailing over whole of Europe.

Wednesday, January 17

Patrol activity north-east of Lake Ladoga, in which Finns routed an enemy company.

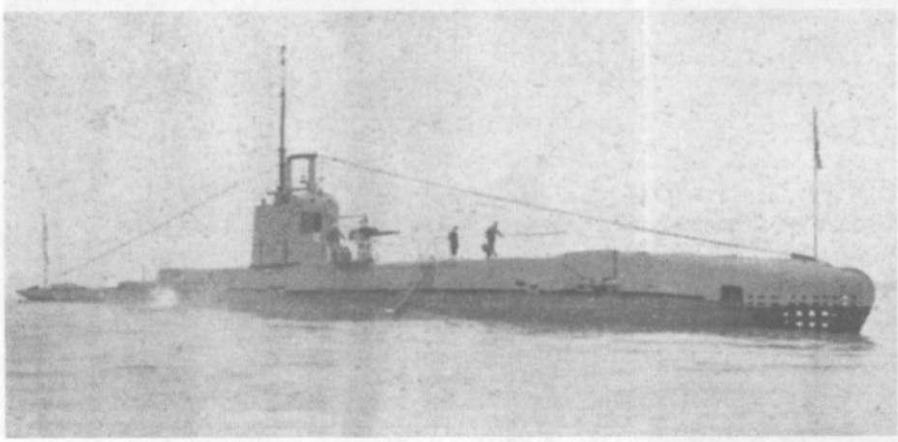
In Salla area Russians were driven back about 12 miles and were still in retreat Finns recaptured Kursu.

The Sound, between Denmark and Sweden, frozen over. In Moscow 79 degrees of frost were recorded.

British fighters went up to intercept Nazi 'plane sighted over Suffolk.

Reported that a 300-mile moat, 40 ft. wide, had been completed around Rumania, running along her frontiers with Russia, Poland and Hungary.

Anonymous donor handed £5,000 to M. Gripenberg, Finnish Minister in London.



The first submarines lost by enemy action were "Seahorse," "Undine," and "Starfish," reported by the Admiralty on January 16. The Germans claimed them as victims of the Heligoland Bight defences frequently penetrated by our British submarines. "Starfish," a sister-ship to the famous "Salmon," was a 640-ton boat with a crew of 40, some of whom were rescued.